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JANET BRAMEL  
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## INTRODUCTION

Mark Twain, whose literary achievements this number of the Journal of the Central Mississippi Valley American Studies Association memorializes, a scant fifty years ago was regarded in all respectable literary quarters as a clever humorist but not quite a gentleman--culturally naive and aesthetically malformed. I recall that as late as 1923, after undertaking to do a master's thesis under the direction of the late Killis Campbell, when I told another one of my professors (European born, educated, and cultivated) about my decision, he struck his forehead with clenched fist in a gesture of surprised consternation and expostulated, "My God! How can you waste your time on such a boor?" He had read Innocents Abroad; he read no more; he never got over it. To deem Mark Twain worthy of scholarly attention (even for an M. A. essay), to put him in the company of the urbane Longfellow, the saintly Whittier, the witty Holmes, suave Lowell, and aloof Emerson, seemed little short of sacrilegious to the inheritors of gentility.

Today seasoned scholars and astute critics--Henry Nash Smith, for example--take Innocents Abroad quite seriously as an artistic work, as deserving of critical attention as are Henry James' more involved and sophisticated "cosmopolitan" novels, --even to finding a study of such matters of technique as point-of-view in Mark Twain's books as interesting and rewarding as James' later refinements. And writers as various as Sherwood Anderson, Rudyard Kipling, and Ernest Hemingway freely admit their indebtedness to Mark Twain, the last declaring that all modern American literature starts with Huckleberry Finn, a book once banned from high-school libraries.

Since 1960 marks the 125th anniversary of Mark Twain's birth and the 50th anniversary of his death, a half dozen memorial convocations and conferences have been held, and as many more are scheduled for this fall. I have myself participated in four such affairs--one in Mark Twain's native state of Missouri, where admirers of Mark Twain, to make sure they would be the first to commemorate the double anniversary, held a week-long session in June of 1959. A number of special issues of magazines as well as learned journals, including this one, honor him. On my desk, waiting to be reviewed, lie five volumes dealing with Mark Twain; and as I consider the editorial work that I do for one of our professional journals, I estimate that, in terms of the number of articles submitted for publication, Mark Twain follows hard upon Henry James, Hawthorne, and Melville. In short, he holds today a secure place in the very best of American literary company--something he did not live long enough to experience, or even to think possible, except for the assurances of friends like George Washington Cable and William Dean Howells, who obviously made a better appraisal of his literary worth than he himself could or dared make.

Henry A. Pochmann

## MARK TWAIN TODAY

ARTHUR L. SCOTT

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This article is composed of sections of a talk delivered before the Central Mississippi Valley American Studies Association at the Mark Twain Anniversary Meeting, held at Hannibal-LaGrange College, Hannibal, Missouri, on October 15, 1960.

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At the outset there is one thing to keep in mind: 1960 is not a normal Mark Twain year. Since it marks the fiftieth anniversary of Twain's death in 1910, we should be honest and should discount much of the recent fanfare on radio, television, and in the popular press. However, to ignore completely this current acclaim would be foolish, for it represents a world's tribute to a beloved man, whose career still makes excellent copy and whose best books "go right on selling like the Bible"--to use his own expression. But more about this popular ado at the end of my talk.

In discussing Mark Twain today, I shall include activities of the past three or four years. This will lend my subject substance; it will also temper the spasmodic enthusiasm of the anniversary year. The structure of my talk is pyramidal. I plan first to lay the broad base in my remarks on recent Twain scholarship. Then I'll build up with some comments on "the living Twain," *i.e.* the Twain books still in print. And finally I'll end up high in the air, far removed from academic concerns, in the realm of the popular Mark Twain--the legend and folk-hero.

Within the last four years about twenty new books on Mark Twain have appeared in English. In 1957 E. Hudson Long published his useful reference work entitled A Mark Twain Handbook. In the same year the official custodians of the Mark Twain papers brought together scattered fragments of material from the 1860's and gave us two books about Twain's early newspaper work in Nevada and California. These books were Mark Twain of the Enterprise and Mark Twain: San Francisco Correspondent. The author-editors were Henry Nash Smith and his assistant Frederick Anderson. (Professor Smith is the literary executor of the Mark Twain Estate, in direct line of succession from Albert Bigelow Paine, Bernard DeVoto and Dixon Wecter.)

Also appearing in 1957 was a big, fat Book-of-the-Month Club bonus-type volume entitled The Complete Short Stories of Mark Twain. To fill up

over 600 pages, Charles Neider lifted stories from The Innocents Abroad, Roughing It, Life on the Mississippi and other volumes. But, even so, the word "complete" is just a publisher's dream. (Now that the book sells for 75 cents in a paperback, however, it is a real bargain, especially for students in my Mark Twain course.)

The following year, 1958, saw the publication of three books of a more purely academic interest. In the Netherlands Daniel McKeithan published Court Trials in Mark Twain and Other Essays, while in this country McKeithan also edited Twain's first letters from Europe and appropriately called the volume Traveling with the Innocents Abroad. And in 1958 Philip Foner presented a rather specialized portrait of Mark Twain, Social Critic.

Last year was a year of editing. Frederick Anderson got out a handsome limited edition, Concerning Cats: Two Tales by Mark Twain. Prefaced by a pleasant essay on Twain's love for cats, the book prints fresh material from the Mark Twain Papers. The other two Twain volumes of 1959 seem to have been aimed at the gift trade. The first of these was a carefully selected compilation designed to demonstrate The Art, Humor and Humanity of Mark Twain. This was the work of two respected students of Twain--Minnie Brashear and Robert Rodney. Most of the publicity of 1959, however, went to Charles Neider's boldly entitled The Autobiography of Mark Twain. Neider's book has had a brisk sale, as you know; but it is disappointing to us Twainians, who expected more than we were given. About one-fourth of Mark Twain's dictated autobiography had not yet been published, so we were hoping. Unfortunately, Neider's edition not only gives us very little new stuff, it also leaves out some of the most interesting sections which had already been printed by Paine and De Voto.

This brings us down to 1960, a banner year for Mark Twain scholarship. After more than twenty years of research, Walter Blair has finally presented his definitive study of a great novel in his Mark Twain and Huck Finn. This is a major work. Unless you are a New Critic or hipped on Freud, this book will tell you all you want to know about certain aspects of Huckleberry Finn--its real-life prototypes, its literary origins, its composition, its reception, its importance. In fact, unless you are a Mark Twain specialist, it may tell you even more than you care to know.

Of equal stature with Blair's book is the two-volume edition of The Twain-Howells Letters, meticulously edited by Henry Nash Smith and William Gibson, with the assistance of Frederick Anderson. There are almost 700 letters here--all that the editors have been able to track down. They represent forty years of correspondence between Mark Twain and his good friend and closest literary adviser, William Dean Howells. More than half these letters are printed here for the first time; all are fully annotated. These two works are labors of true love and scholarship. [For a more detailed discussion of these two works, see Edward F. Grier's review in this issue.]

A third new book for the student is Kenneth Lynn's Mark Twain and Southwestern Humor. Lynn's premise is that Twain was not just a brilliant improviser or "divine amateur," but was "a conscious and deliberate creator." Lynn proceeds, therefore, to suggest the influences upon Mark Twain of the whole stream of humor which flows down from William Byrd and Davy Crockett through The Spirit of the Times and into such colorful creations as Simon Suggs and Sut Lovingood.

This year, too, Caroline Harnsberger has followed up her "Finger-tips" volume with a more intimate study, Mark Twain, Family Man. Much of her information, she told me this summer, came directly from Twain's daughter Clara. Arlin Turner has also just published his second Twain book. Growing from his earlier study of the Twain-Cable correspondence is his new Mark Twain and George W. Cable: The Record of a Literary Friendship. Actually, this is a portrait of Twain as viewed by Cable and reported in his miscellaneous writings and talk. Another brand new book is by Svend Petersen, who has selected and arranged numerous comments by Twain and edited them in a volume entitled Mark Twain and the Government.

Special study pamphlets on Mark Twain and on Huckleberry Finn have appeared during the past two years as teaching and research aids. Furthermore, as you might expect, there have also been a number of recent juveniles about Mark Twain, bearing such titles as Mark Twain on the Mississippi (E. S. Miers, 1957), Adventures of Mark Twain (Jerry Allen, 1957), America's Own Mark Twain (J. Eaton, 1958). And children's plays are still being made from Twain stories: Tom Sawyer and Injun Joe by Lewy Olfson in 1959, The Prince and the Pauper by Elizabeth Bremer in 1960.

Other books are announced for later this fall, too. Indiana will publish Mark Twain on the Lecture Circuit by Paul Fatout (Nov. 21). And I hear that Crowell means to bid for the holiday trade with a luxury item, just published: Milton Meltzer's Mark Twain Himself: A Pictorial Biography. This contains about 600 pictures, I've been told, which may not leave much room for text.

So much for the recent books. Their number and quality would astound those early critics who believed that Mark Twain's reputation would not outlive Mark Twain, the man. Those genteel and proudly cultivated critics would wonder even more at the volume of Mark Twain scholarship in the periodicals. The bibliographies all show that academic interest in Mark Twain has been steadily increasing. Take, for example, the Annual Bibliographies printed in the PMLA. Items listed under "Clemens": in 1953 there were 19; in 1955 there were 31; in 1957 there were 37; and in 1959 there were 45. (This year there will doubtless be many more, but the special anniversary tributes and appraisals will distort the pattern.) Obviously, I cannot take time to discuss these magazine articles. They display a range of interest which is boundless: from Mark Twain and the Boston Nihilists to

Mark Twain's influence on J. D. Salinger, from Mark Twain and the Byron Scandal to the height of Tom Sawyer's fence and which way the boards ran--up and down or sideways, and whether there was any space between the boards. There seems to be very little in Mark Twain which does not interest today's students.

Next, how about doctoral dissertations? Perhaps best of all these suggest the concerns of the scholars of the future. Between 1917 and 1957 there were 63 dissertations written on Mark Twain. About half of these were completed between 1950 and 1957. Since 1957 nine more dissertations on Twain have appeared--the same number, incidentally, which has appeared during that time on that subtle old master, Henry James. I confess that this James comparison surprised me. It proves, I believe, that Mark Twain has, at long last, come of age in academic circles. (Of his popular appeal there has never been a doubt.)

Since there are many more people writing books and articles and dissertations today than ever before, we must be careful with statistics. The point is that amid the current boom on the academic front Mark Twain is more than holding his own. He is enjoying a boom within the boom. He has been found eminently discutable--a prerequisite, it seems, for lasting fame. During his own lifetime his reputation as a mere "funny fellow" used to make Mark Twain furious, especially when he was writing with his pen "dipped in hell." How delighted he would be, therefore, to view the Twain scholarship of the past few years and to see us assembled here this weekend--and to realize that finally someone is taking him seriously.

Before I move out of the field of scholarship and on to other matters, I might say a word about the location of Mark Twain resource materials. The official Mark Twain Papers are behind a heavy door in Room 113 of the General Library of the University of California in Berkeley. Some of you have been there, I know. There you find over fifty file drawers chock full of letters, manuscripts, photostats, typescripts, clippings, reprints, notebooks, articles and scrapbooks. When I walked in, I felt like that mosquito at the nudist camp: I knew what I ought to do, but I didn't know where to begin. The manuscript of Joan of Arc is out there. There, too, is the original of that supposedly shocking autobiography which may never be printed in its entirety. There the scholar can pour over 46 of the private notebooks which Mark Twain carried in his pockets for forty years and more--one at a time, of course. These notebooks are fascinating and invaluable. (Fred Anderson is sweating over them right now. Incidentally, I understand that a single stray notebook brought \$25,000 at auction this spring.) And among these papers are most of the unpublished stories, plays, sketches, articles, novels, memoranda and private correspondence which Mark Twain left when he died. All the books about Mark Twain are out there also, as well as a considerable amount of magazine and newspaper stuff on Twain. In short, the Mark Twain Estate is sparing no effort to make this the place to go for

anyone who undertakes a major Twain project. But let me warn you that this is no mere fun-room. At times it is a chamber of horrors. After a summer in Berkeley, Kenneth Lynn wrote, "The unpublished Papers of Mark Twain are the broken ruins and unfinished monuments of a great talent. To go poking about amongst them is an appalling experience. For they record, these shards, the steep descent of a richly humorous imagination into black despair." Mark Twain once said, "Everyone is a moon and has a dark side which he never shows to anybody." But out in Berkeley you can discover the dark side of Mark Twain.

No other collection can approach these official Mark Twain Papers, which are part of the Mark Twain Estate and are by law administered in such a way as to bring no disgrace to the name of Clemens and to assure Mark Twain's daughter Clara, now 86, of a good income. There are, however, other collections of Twainiana. By no means does Berkeley have everything, although the Estate tries constantly to supplement its holdings with copies and photostats. The Berg Collection in the New York Public Library, for example, has the manuscript of A Connecticut Yankee, as well as a valuable file of original manuscripts, letters and other material. Most of the Huckleberry Finn manuscript is in the Buffalo Public Library. Other materials of note are in the Houghton Library at Harvard, at the Huntington Library in San Marino, in the Lilly Collection at the University of Indiana, and in private collections like those of C. Walter Barrett and Samuel Charles Webster. Nor should scholars overlook the Hartford Memorial Library in Twain's old home or the growing files and library of the Mark Twain Research Foundation. This Research Foundation owns many volumes from Twain's own private library, has a fine bibliographical file, a complete set of first editions, and is building up a collection of foreign language editions of Twain's books. These items are now deposited in the Mark Twain Memorial Shrine. One of the Tom Sawyer manuscripts is out there, too. For Twain scholars the well is not running dry by any means. The prospect for the future is exciting.

I should also add that The Mark Twain Research Foundation publishes the small bi-monthly Twainian, which is devoted solely to Mark Twain. (The same cannot be said of The Mark Twain Journal, put out at irregular intervals down near St. Louis by Cyril Clemens, a distant cousin of Twain's.) The Research Foundation is largely responsible for the development of the beautiful Mark Twain State Park, for the construction of the Memorial Shrine, and for trying to make this Shrine into a midwest center for Mark Twain research.

Now that I've tried to lay the broad base of scholarship, let me proceed to the next level of my pyramid--the living Twain. Time is the great winnower. How much of Mark Twain is still alive fifty years after his death? One touchstone is the circulation of books in the public libraries; and I have read that Mark Twain leads our whole nineteenth century in this



regard. Looking in another direction, we find that Mark Twain's best books are all still in print in the United States. The genteel critics of the nineteenth century agreed, in the main, that The Prince and the Pauper was Twain's best novel and that Huckleberry Finn was amateurish, unpleasant and crude. You know as well as I do how tastes have changed. This is not to imply that The Prince and the Pauper is not still a delightful romance for children. It is. Mark Twain wrote it specifically for children; and last year fond parents could still find it freshly printed in no less than eight editions.

As for Huckleberry Finn--the novel which Twain kept pigeonholing so that he could work on The Prince and other books--just about everyone now regards it as one of the great American novels, along with The Scarlet Letter and Moby Dick. And last year Huckleberry Finn was being published in twenty-five different editions from cheap paperbacks to lavishly illustrated gift volumes. If the signs can be trusted, old Huck--with the looks of a wharf-rat and the instincts of a gentleman--is going to die hard. If ever. The stamp of immortality seems to be on him.

In a different way, the same may be true of his best friend Tom Sawyer. The novel Huckleberry Finn was written for adults, but Tom Sawyer was meant for boys. Consequently, while the colleges have helped to keep Huck alive, Tom has had to go it more on his own. That he has had no trouble is evidenced by the twenty-five editions of Tom Sawyer also in print last year. As for the recent banning of Huckleberry Finn from many of the New York public schools because of racial reasons, I would like to say only that some people cannot see beyond Huck's word "Nigger" to the fact that Jim is the finest, most noble person in the book. Old Huck knows this. He is smarter than some of us.

Twenty-five reprintings each of Tom and Huck, eight of The Prince. What else was being offered last year? Not counting books reprinted only once or twice, seven editions of Life on the Mississippi were available, five of A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court, four of Pudd'nhead Wilson, three of The Innocents Abroad, three of Roughing It, and at least eight different collections of miscellaneous Mark Twain writings. Twain's beloved Joan of Arc is not doing so well; but, even without Joan, the list of Twain books in print is an impressive one.

As for royalties: in 1958 the royalties from Mark Twain's works amounted to \$22,000, the total Twain Estate was valued at \$700,000, and Twain's daughter Clara received more than \$35,000 before taxes. (Last year's royalties came to \$38,000, I just read in Life.) Also, since 1919 a sinking fund of \$10,000 has been put away each year. In case you are puzzled about royalties from books now in the public domain, I refer you to the attorney for the Mark Twain Estate. It seems to have something to do not with copyrights, but with a patent on the name "Mark Twain." No one I've met appears to understand it very well; but apparently no one wants to tan-

gle with the Estate or to short-change Clara. [According to Henry Nash Smith, this patent is less important in law than it is as a myth among scholars. The strength of the Estate is due to the care with which Twain had his will drawn up. Ed.]

Right here would be the perfect place for me to give you the statistics on Mark Twain translations into foreign languages and on the sale of his books abroad. Unfortunately, I can't. All my information on the foreign market is many years old. The great Index Translationum is of no help here. We know, of course, that from the beginning Twain's books have been enormously popular in northern and central Europe, somewhat less so in those nations which are accustomed to more wit and politics, more subtlety and sex in their literature. I have read that right now in Russia the sales of Twain's books are close behind those of Jack London and Upton Sinclair. However, since I suspect that the Soviets read him for the wrong reasons (and maybe in garbled texts), perhaps I should not mention the matter.

Before moving on to unbookish things, I should like to add that the book collecting trade in early Mark Twain editions is brisker than it has ever been. Every time I order three books, two of them have already been sold. I sometimes reply airmail on the same day, but I seldom get what I want most. A fine copy of the first issue of The Jumping Frog or of Huckleberry Finn might not rival a Cézanne or a Monet in price, but in the book trade it is just as hot an item as an impressionist painting is at an art auction today. We Twainians do not collect for prestige or as a form of speculation; but it is comforting to us--as well as to our heirs--to see the market on a constant rise and to discern not the slightest dimming in the reputation of the old Belle of New York.

And now we have reached the top of the pyramid--that least substantial but most conspicuous aspect of Mark Twain Today. This is the popular ado on the non-literary level or, at least, on the non-bookish level. Newspapers, magazines and television have led the way in paying special tribute to Mark Twain in this fiftieth year since his death. In general, the newspapers and magazines have performed their services well. The cover-story in Newsweek shows more than a careless desire to compliment. The American Book Collector published a Special Mark Twain Number this summer, as did other periodicals. Holiday, Coronet, Travel, Look, American Heritage--these are among the many slicks which have honored Mark Twain with pages of excellent photographs and brief texts. Even The New Yorker showed its interest by running a long critical appraisal of Mark Twain and of Mark Twain scholarship. The anniversary tributes are too numerous to detail.

Television, it seems to me, has not done its job as well as the press. (I speak only of those programs I actually saw.) Mark Twain must have turned over in his grave to see his dramatic fantasy of boyhood, Tom Sawyer, turned into a wishy-washy musical. This was last spring. More recently, an NBC "Special" took liberties with Aunt Polly and Muff Potter (in love, in this version), but kept the spirit of the novel intact. As for the TV dram-



atization of Roughing It--one of Twain's liveliest and funniest books--it looked to me as if it were all shot on a broken down sound stage with a left-over cast. The actors tried to play some of the best scenes in the book, but they failed. For me it was a huge disappointment, a dismal evening.

Only slightly better was that hour-and-a-half Special devoted to Mark Twain's last years. A good actor, well made up and well dressed, dragged us through all the most painful experiences of the aging Mark Twain from the death of his daughter Susy in 1896 to the death of his daughter Jean on Christmas Eve 1909. Except for casting a tall, thin Howells, the facts were pretty straight; but somebody must have told the star that Mark Twain felt really beat, man--beat, beat, beat. Mark Twain's friends in real life did not see him as beat. Mad, yes; furious, passionate, vengeful, bitter--but not moping, slouching, dragging, beat. His head was bloody, true; but unbowed. This was another painful evening for those of us who admire Mark Twain as a man of courage and vitality.

Since I really enjoy television as a medium, I am happy to report that its Prince and the Pauper was delightful--sprightly and realistic, gay and satiric, nonsensical and melodramatic all in turn. It was fun; just as important, it was Mark Twain. To my mind, however, the most interesting of these TV productions was the one called The Age of Mark Twain. This was the program done entirely with hundreds of photographs and drawings, except for a few old movie clips at the end. The narration was perfect. It was all tasteful, entertaining, quickly paced--and sneakily educational. Mark Twain would have loved it.

About the movies I don't wish to say much. Gregory Peck's Man with a Million had to work hard to blow up Twain's short story to feature size. The result is Hollywood, not Twain. As for Huckleberry Finn, I'll leave it to you whether Mark Twain would recognize his bewhiskered old deadbeat King or his earthy waterfront boy or his scroungy prewar river towns. There is even a question whether Mark Twain would acknowledge authorship of this pretty, fumigated, stylized, emasculated little Hollywood romance for children. (One critic said that it bore as much resemblance to Huckleberry Finn as to Kant's Critique of Pure Reason.) And now Hollywood is planning a new life of Mark Twain. It must be twenty-five years since Frederick March won that Oscar for his portrayal of Twain. March is as fine an actor as there is around these days; then, too. But let's hope that this time the producer will use the technical advice of some of our California scholars.

While I am in the realm of show business, I must pay respects to a young actor who has done more than anyone to make the world Mark Twain conscious during the past two years. This is Hal Holbrook, whose off-Broadway An Evening with Mark Twain (or was it Mark Twain Tonight?) was the surprise hit of last season. Right now he is supposed to be doing his show in the British Isles. This winter, I believe, Hal is going to do it in New York again. (Professor George-William Smith of Chicago does a simi-

lar impersonation. He calls himself "the poor man's Hal Holbrook," but this is modesty, as you can attest if you were present at the Shrine dedication in June.) As for Hal Holbrook, he has had his one-man show on the road all over the United States. The State Department has even sent him to Asia. Since Holbrook not only knows his Twain, but also reads the Twain scholarship, he realizes that Mark Twain did not go around lecturing during his old-age, white suit period, puffing a big cigar. But, if you have caught the show, you must admit that the white suit, quavering voice and eloquent cigar are most effective stage devices. Hal Holbrook also put out a book, Mark Twain Tonight!; and his longplay record, made during an actual performance, is a surefire party hit.

Speaking of records, Harry Belafonte too got out a record last year called Mark Twain. He prefaces his song with his own explanation of how Mark Twain got his pen-name. According to Belafonte, it is merely a corruption of "Mark Twine" from the leadsman's call after pulling up the lead-line or "twine." I would say that Harry is close, but misses. At any rate, Harry Belafonte's sensational popularity has brought Mark Twain's name before an immense audience. And not quite the same audience which has been listening with pleasure to Jerome Kern's Mark Twain and Ferde Grofé's Mississippi Suite.

One of the best biographies of Twain is entitled Mark Twain: Man and Legend. Mark Twain is indeed a legend. He needs no anniversary celebrations to keep his name alive. And some of his creations have just about entered into American folklore. How else can you explain the magnetic attraction in Disneyland of Tom Sawyer's Island, of Huck's raft, and of the great paddle-wheeler named "Mark Twain"? Why else is it that not only boys, but even college professors and business men always seem to be making summer excursions down the Mississippi on beat up old rafts? Why else is it that foreign tourists go out of their way to visit Hartford, that visitors by the thousands swarm through the Mark Twain Cave, home and museum in Hannibal, and that the new Mark Twain Shrine in Florida seems fated to become a Mecca of the midwest? And maybe you have read that this summer no fewer than 670 frogs from more than a dozen different countries were entered in the thirty-third annual Jumping Frog Contest in Calaveras County, California. There are carefully drawn contest rules, experienced judges and an arena which accommodates 20,000 spectators. Mark Twain today would not be the big business he is, were he not the best beloved man of letters yet produced by the United States.

The University of Illinois

## NEW RESOURCES FOR AMERICAN STUDIES II

### THE MARK TWAIN MEMORIAL IN HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON

A house is a document, and Mark Twain's Hartford home is richly instructive. Now restored by a group of local citizens as The Mark Twain Library & Memorial Commission, the many-turreted and multi-patterned brick mansion has become a publicly available symbol. Hartford was at the green end of a road from Hannibal. The sentimentalist may be content to stay in Missouri for the reflection of one of America's greatest writers; the student will also visit Connecticut.

The house stands as more than Mark Twain's residence from 1874 for two decades, the period of his principal literary achievements. Van Wyck Brooks in *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* wrote of these Hartford years in terms of what he called "capitulation." Mark Twain, as everybody's neighbor, was not, Brooks said, "simply living the bourgeois life now; he had adopted all the values and ideals of the bourgeoisie. Success, prestige, wealth had become his gods and the tribal customs of a nation of traders identical in his mind with the laws of the universe." On this basis his nineteen-room Hartford home, whose cost was \$131,000, can be regarded as a graphic expression of the "tribal customs of a nation," and then more than that, more even than the "laws of the universe." "But listen, it's not finished,"--as they say at Grover's Corner, in a different tone from Brooks' but with the same sense of involvement--"the United States of America; . . . the Universe; the Mind of God--that's what it said on the letter." Brooks never described the Hartford house as a microcosm of his thesis; a scholar today would be able to, and ought to, if he were examining the same overall proposition.

The scholar would be looking at what tokens the details of the house offered. He would be thinking of the implications and involvements of such a message as Mark's to his wife in 1886:

It was good news I sent you, Livy, darling, I thought it would reconcile you to your costly sofa. You can order 1000 such sofas now, if you want to--the future bank account will foot the bill and never miss it. The Pope's book is ours, and we'll sell a fleet load of copies.

With this he would consider, too, Mark's eulogy of the Hartford house when he heard of Susy's death there in 1896:

To us, our house was not unsentient matter--it had a heart, and a soul, and eyes to see us with; and approvals and solicitudes, and deep sympathies; it was of us, and we were in its confidence, and lived in its grace and in the peace of its benediction. We never came home from an absence that its face did not light up and speak out its eloquent welcome--and we could not enter it unmoved.

We have become so accustomed to thinking of Mark Twain in phrases of his final bitterness, and so involved in moral judgments like those of Brooks, that it is useful to be reminded by a house and its furnishings that it was fun for Mark to be rich, and exciting for him to have the symbols of success. These were part of the eloquent welcome his home gave him.

When Mark Twain moved to Hartford in 1871 he was going to a literary and publishing center not too far from Boston and not so far from New York but that visitors from either capitol could find it easy to come as his guests. When his house was finished in 1874 they did. He had someone to talk with, always. George Warner, Charles Dudley Warner, and Harriet Beecher Stowe were his neighbors at Nook Farm, in this unfenced enclave on Farmington Avenue, where children and parents and guests could wander from porch to porch as in a village. It was Susy's death in 1896 from meningitis that made the house impossible, --that and the heavy costs of maintaining it when his investments went sour. Mrs. Clemens would never cross the threshold again. In 1903 the house was finally sold; whatever furniture was not taken by the family or given away was auctioned. "That god damned house," Mark called it by then. "I would rather go to hell than own it 50 days longer."

The house became the residence of the president of a fire insurance company. Then, from 1917 until 1922, it was a boys' country-day school. Later it was used as a storage warehouse until its upper stories were subdivided and rented as individual apartments. Eventually its first floor was used as a branch public library, without structural change. In 1929 the house was at last bought from the City Coal Company by a group of citizens and chartered as a Commission. But until four years ago only the ground-floor guest room and the master's bedroom on the second floor were open to the public. In the former was a piece or two of the original furniture and framed scraps of manuscript; in the latter was the enormous Venetian carved bed, given by his daughter Clara, in which Mark Twain was so often photographed in his last years and which had been his and his wife's at Hartford. There was not much else to be shown. The branch library and the apartment-dwellers remained. Today the whole house, room by room, is being opened. A thousand guests a month appear. The renaissance has been rewarding.

Since the house is regarded as a document, the chief aim of the trustees of the Commission has been to restore its original text. Fortunately the guests who visited Mark during his own lifetime have given us the best parallel readings. The last decades of the nineteenth century were a period when it was popular to write up visits to the homes of the great, both for magazines and in memoirs. It was also a period when wood-engravings and steel-engravings were being used. Mark Twain of course was a famous man; one way of showing familiarity with him was to describe precisely what was on his mantelpiece; another way was to draw the room. Because of such illustrations he lived next door to everyone.

Writers like Howells, Moncure Conway, Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and George Parsons Lathrop contributed particulars. So did less name-worthy authors of newspaper articles. So did his daughter Clara and his servant Kate Leary, each in her book of reminiscences. So did Mark in his own letters, and Mrs. Clemens in hers. By the present-day gathering of this sort of overt intelligence, and by its synthesis, a report of the decor has been gained. Interviews with a few still-living persons who themselves had played with the Clemens children have added other, less-public information. The effort to uncover the past has been an act of intelligence. Even the colors of the walls have been identified, and the definitions confirmed by scraping. The drawing room was in salmon and rose. The library was in silver and peacock blue. The dining room was green and brown. In the gold-stencilled front hall, by the entrance to the dining room, was a brown, coffin-shaped Swiss music box of polished wood whose nine tunes (including Lohengrin's wedding march) were wound up and played endlessly during dinner. In the reception-hall closet was the first private telephone in Hartford (Mark liked being a pioneer). In the balconied billiard room at the top of the house was a small desk with a few filled bookshelves, where he did much of his writing. Many more volumes were in the first-floor library. From auction records and the catalogues of collections the titles have been learned. Contemporary editions begin again to fill the shelves.

Bit by bit the rooms have resumed their old appearance. A music box correct in color and shape, and with at least eight tunes, was found and given from a neighboring house. The original crystal chandelier has come back to the drawing room, so has the full-length rosewood-and-ebony mirror; the original heavy mahogany sideboard now dominates the dining room; in the guest-room more of the porcelain-tiled furniture is in place again. In the front-hall closet is a contemporary example of the first telephone, given by the Southern New England Telephone Company. In the billiard room, on the third floor, is not the original billiard table with its black and gold legs, but in its place the custom-built table H. H. Rogers gave him in 1904. Mark had it first in New York, and then at Redding; it had been dismantled and stored by the children of his biographer, and has now been given by them to

Hartford. It is the billiard table of familiar photographs. His Russian sleigh is also at Hartford; so is his high-wheel bicycle.

Most importantly, the great ceiling-high, carved-wood mantelpiece of the library has returned after more than a half-century. Bought by Mark Twain in 1874 from Ayton Castle, near Edinburgh, the ornate piece was the focus of most published illustrations of the room. In 1903 it was taken from Hartford, kept in storage, and in 1908 installed at Stormfield, his new home in Redding. Stormfield burned. From the beginning of the active restoration of the Hartford house it has been recognized by the trustees that someday a facsimile of the mantelpiece must be made. Two years ago a phoenix-minded farmer visited the Memorial, offering the original in exchange for a car. After the fire at Redding he had taken the mantelpiece, wiped off the ashes, and stored it in his barn. Today it is back on the wall, the charred portions replaced. Luck plays its part in the pursuit of any scholarly goal, and the Hartford group has been lucky in the number of original articles which continue to appear by magnetism. These articles are now surrounded by appropriate replacements for what is still missing. Fully furnished in this way, the house has the warm feeling of a home, the sort of home which Mark Twain wanted and for a long time had.

Other less-domestic facets of the Hartford years are displayed unobtrusively or in basement rooms. Mark Twain was not single-minded; there are many examples of his enthusiasms. His successful patented scrapbooks are to be seen, as well as his less remunerative memory-builder game and his "improved" school slate. Salesmen's dummies for his subscription books are combined with other data of his often wonderfully profitable ventures as a publisher. Some exhibits precede Hartford in date, like the original printer's stick he used when he worked in 1856 for his brother Orion at Keokuk. With it are the type-cabinet and other equipment of the Ben Franklin Book and Job Company which Orion operated. These have been loaned by the Home Insurance Company. They make an appropriate introduction to the Paige Typesetter whose development and promotion bankrupted Mark and sent him back to the lecture platform and away from Hartford. The original model of this "infernal machine" has been loaned by the Mergenthaler Linotype Company which eventually bought all rights to the Gargantua of 22,000 parts and 7,550 pounds. But as examination will show, Mark cannot be called a crackpot for believing in its possibilities. Such objects at Hartford make more than a museum of curios.

It would be absurd for the Mark Twain Memorial to hope to vie with such great collections of his manuscripts as those at Berkeley, at Yale, or at the University of Virginia. In the first place, the concentration on data directly related to the Hartford period excludes certain bibliographical and manuscript items. But within, or concerned with, the period from 1871 to 1896 many items have been assembled which are of importance to the scholar.



Hartford's substantial reference library related to Mark Twain studies is, like its collection of first editions of everything within the period, common enough but useful. They have proved particularly valuable to school-children of Connecticut and to isolated researchers from everywhere who write constantly to the Memorial for answers to questions. Other aspects of the resources are, however, less common. Nowhere else, I think, has there been an attempt physically to reassemble a facsimile of his library. The result is more than decoration, and even the catalogue of his books is rich in inference. Of great value should also be the log of his Hartford years, now being prepared; ready reference will be available for daily details. The combing of Hartford newspapers has turned up much of interest for the project. An attempt is being made to collect all known photographs of Mark Twain; in this case not limited to the Hartford years alone, the collection is being used by scholars and researchers for all periods of his life.

Every manuscript is of course unique. Hartford has the good beginning of a collection, and additions are being constantly made--particularly of his correspondences with people in the Hartford area. Letters from him, by his wife, and by the children are of varying interest but are substantive in their rewards to students. There is much material related to the performances of The Prince and the Pauper, played by the Clemens and Warner children, and by Mark himself: additions and re-writings of the text, programmes, tickets, and photographs of the case. There is a three-page fragment of the manuscript of "Huck Finn & Tom Sawyer Among the Indians" (all that exists); a note about the publication of Miscellaneous Sketches; the manuscript of an article written for the New York Evening Post but never submitted; remarks on Susy, and reminiscences of his children; Christmas wishes to the inventor of the telephone; and, appropriately, a substantial documentation of The Guilded Age, which was the first product of his Hartford life. In the Memorial's collection is the outline for the novel, along with many pages of the manuscript either in his hand or that of Charles Dudley Warner, his collaborator. There is also J. Hammond Trumbull's notebook of mottoes for its chapter headings.

Such a manuscript collection will continue to grow, and any professional student of Mark Twain ought to write to the Mark Twain Memorial, 351 Farmington Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut, to query its newest holdings. So too ought any student of Hartford's wider literary circle. For there is also an increasing collection of Charles Dudley Warner material appropriate to the friendship between Warner and Mark Twain and to the spot where their houses stood. Until a year ago one could still use the present tense for both buildings. Then, moving down upon Nook Farm like taloned hawks, the City of Hartford and its School Board seized by eminent domain the Gothic cottage where Warner lived. It was designed by the same Edward Potter who was Mark Twain's own architect. Country-wide protests to the

demolition were of no avail; Warner's house is gone, a high school will sprawl in its place. Fortunately, however, the Mark Twain Memorial has become such an established monument that it seems safe. It remains, invitingly, for those who know what a house can mean.

Yale University

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## MARK TWAIN AND THE SIRENS OF PROGRESS

SHERWOOD CUMMINGS

Mark Twain lived in an age of stunning technological progress. At the time of his birth in 1835, communication, transportation, and creature comforts were little advanced beyond the level when in pre-history man tamed the horse, caught the wind in sails, and dug a privy trench. Only five years before Mark Twain was born, Peter Cooper's locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad made possible the first steam railroad transportation. It was not until eight years later, when Sam Clemens was three years old, that the Atlantic was crossed by a ship using steam power alone. He was old enough to remember the telegraph's inception in 1844; he was a young man when the Atlantic cable was successfully laid in 1866; and he was in his fifth decade when Bell patented the telephone and Edison the phonograph and the incandescent electric light.

By the time of his death in 1910, the railroads had flung a web of track across the whole continent. Urban dwellers had abandoned first the candle and the kerosene lamp and were ripping out gas pipes to replace them with wiring for the electric light. The moving picture had been invented seventeen years previously; the gasoline engine was being used to propel automobiles and airplanes; and Marconi's wireless telegraphy, nine years old, was competing with the cable in sending transatlantic messages. Nearly all the scientific and technological developments of the first half of the twentieth century, including the use of atomic energy, had had their inception by 1910.<sup>1</sup>

Of this stupendous progress Mark Twain was, among American writers, the most fervent in his praise and the most lavish in his support, until his last years. Up to 1898 he gloried in the material progress of the nineteenth century, he deified the inventors, he was himself an inventor, and he supported financially the development of certain machines to the tune of several hundreds of thousands of dollars. But in 1898, as we shall see, he suffered a dramatic change of mind. From then on material progress seemed to him futile and meaningless inasmuch as man himself had not improved. But even to the end of his life, no matter how hollow to him seemed the triumphs of progress, he was capable of marveling at its material achievements.

No writer gave more praise to the inventors and engineers or more particular attention to their creations. In A Connecticut Yankee he called Gutenberg, Watt, Arkwright, Whitney, Morse, Stephenson, and Bell "the cre-

tors of this world--after God."<sup>2</sup> Once when he was asked to complete a list of the hundred greatest men of all time, he suggested Edison and Bell.<sup>3</sup> He prided himself on being one of those forward-thinking people who encouraged the work of inventors by his faith in their dreams and his willingness to use "new-fangled" gadgets. In Tom Sawyer Abroad, the "genius" who invented a flying machine was jeered at by a mob of men of little faith with whom Mark Twain had obviously no sympathy.

It made him [the inventor] hot to hear them, and he would turn on them and shake his fist and say they was animals and blind, but someday they would find they had stood face to face with one of the men that lifts up nations and makes civilizations, and was too dull to know it; and right here on this spot their own children and grandchildren would build a monument to him that would outlast a thousand years, but his name would outlast the monument.<sup>4</sup>

Mark Twain did not wait for his grandchildren to recognize the inventive geniuses of his time. According to his testimony he was the first private user of the telephone,<sup>5</sup> "the first person in the world to apply the type-machine to literature" in typewriting the manuscript of Tom Sawyer,<sup>6</sup> the first person to use phonographic dictation to compose a novel,<sup>7</sup> one of the first people to use a fountain pen,<sup>8</sup> and the first private citizen to install a telharmonium--a sort of juke box--in his home.<sup>9</sup>

His own inventions hardly changed the face of the world, but they attest to his fascination with and endorsement of the multitude of gadgets proffered to a not unwilling public in the name of progress. They include the putting of buttons on a waistcoat and buttonholes on trousers so that the latter might be held up without the aid of a belt or suspenders, a shirt requiring no studs, a perpetual-calendar watch charm,<sup>10</sup> a bed-clamp to keep children from kicking their covers off,<sup>11</sup> a history game played with a board and cards,<sup>12</sup> and a scrapbook which required no pasting by virtue of gummed strips of mucilage on each page.<sup>13</sup> Most or all of these inventions Clemens had patented, and some of them he attempted to have manufactured with the hope of making his fortune, but only one--the Mark Twain Scrap-Book--was commercially successful.

He was even less successful but no less hopeful in his financing of other people's inventions. A steam generator, a steam pulley, and a novel method of marine telegraphy, each lightened his pocketbook by twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars before he gave them up.<sup>14</sup> The Kaolotype process, a new method of producing printing plates for illustrations, cost him fifty thousand dollars before he was convinced of its impracticality.<sup>15</sup> Into the Paige typesetting machine he poured three hundred thousand dollars over a period of ten years,<sup>16</sup> and he might have tried even longer to finance it until its hundreds of moving parts would operate without breakdown, but he went bankrupt in 1894 and the machine was presented to the Sibley College of Engineer-

ing where it was shown "as the costliest piece of machinery, for its size, ever constructed."<sup>17</sup>

The fact that his investments failed is of no significance beyond raising misgivings concerning his business acumen. What is significant is the evidence that between 1880 and 1894 Mark Twain craved to be a recognized participant in America's mighty industrial and technological progress, and also that he wanted to join "the Vanderbilt gang" of multimillionaires. He had become, as Van Wyck Brooks wrote, "something no longer himself but the embodiment of the whole industrial epoch."<sup>18</sup> On this point Bernard De Voto agreed: "When he [Mark Twain] turned away from the animal to consider its tools, he was as awestruck by the mirage of Progress as any platform lecturer of his time: this dominant illusion of his age was integral in his thinking."<sup>19</sup>

Just as exciting to Mark Twain as the technology of his century was the American spirit of enterprise and aggressiveness that sparked progress. In 1878 he characterized this spirit as "the drive and push and rush and struggle of the living, tearing, booming, nineteenth, the mightiest of all centuries."<sup>20</sup> In 1882 he travelled up the Mississippi to St. Paul, where he smelled the "go-ahead atmosphere which tastes so good in the nostrils"<sup>21</sup> and where he found "all the enlivening signs of the presence of active, energetic, intelligent, prosperous, practical nineteenth-century populations."<sup>22</sup> It was the lack of that spirit which kept the South from advancing. Walter Scottism, "a debilitating influence" arising from a lingering romanticism and outmoded reverence for heroisms and chivalry, checked there "the wave of progress and even turned it back."<sup>23</sup>

It was American ingenuity and enterprise, at least as asserted in the North, that put America, in Mark Twain's eyes, above any foreign country. England, he wrote in 1879, might feel she is superior to us, but

We shall presently be indifferent to being looked down upon by a nation not bigger and no better than our own. We made the telegraph a practical thing. We invented the fast press, the sewing machine, the sleeping parlor-car, the telephone, the ironclad, we have done our share for the century.<sup>24</sup>

He was quite above feeling rivalry with France in the matter of progress. France was pitifully backward. What can France teach us? he asks in "What Paul Bourget Thinks of Us" (1894). "Railroading? No. France knows nothing valuable about railroading. Steamshipping? No. French steamboating is still of Fulton's date--1809. Postal service? No. France is a back number there. Telegraphy? No, we taught her that ourselves."<sup>25</sup>

By the same token, what he found praiseworthy in a foreign culture was generally its evidences of progress. Backward as he found Italy in 1867, he nevertheless admired her roads and railroads. "These things," he wrote, "win me more than Italy's hundred galleries of priceless art treasures..."<sup>26</sup> In Australia in 1895 it was the buildings, parks, asylums, and electric street

lighting that he admired,<sup>27</sup> and in New Zealand it was the railroad car about which he said: "A narrow and railed porch along the side, where a person can walk up and down. A lavatory in each car. This is progress; this is the nineteenth century spirit."<sup>28</sup>

Before his change of mind in 1898, Mark Twain appears to have taken it for granted that an inevitable concomitant of technological progress was cultural advancement. Material improvements on the one hand and such humane achievements as reasonable criminal laws, universal education, and extended suffrage on the other, were in his thinking and in the popular mind the Siamese twins of progress. When Hank Morgan, the Connecticut Yankee, set about to bring civilization to King Arthur's England, he introduced the telephone, telegraph, typewriter, phonograph, steamboat, and railway, but he did not neglect also to organize schools, to start newspapers, to abolish slavery, equalize taxation, and to ease oppressive laws. When Mark Twain praised the Upper Mississippi towns for their driving American spirit and their modern machinery of transportation and communication, he did not neglect to commend them for their schools, newspapers and libraries.<sup>29</sup> Since he regarded humanitarianism as a necessary part of civilization he was reluctant to apply the term "civilized" to preceding centuries, but the nineteenth century in America fairly well lived up to his requirement that civilization must not allow "human slavery, despotic government, inequality, numerous and brutal punishments for crime, superstition almost universal, ignorance almost universal, and dirt and poverty almost universal."<sup>30</sup>

This he wrote in 1889, just a few years before he was to deny that the world had achieved any degree of civilization through material progress. Before we examine that denial, let us ask if during his years of exuberant faith in progress there are not some little doubts expressed. There are not many. The dangers of the machine do not seem to have bothered him. In answer to the popular alarm over railroad accidents Mark Twain commented in 1872:

When we consider that every day and every night of the year full fourteen thousand railway trains of various kinds, freighted with life and armed with death, go thundering over the land, the marvel is not that they kill three hundred human beings in a twelvemonth, but that they do not kill three hundred times three hundred.<sup>31</sup>

The steamboat explosion in The Gilded Age, a disaster that took the lives of 118 passengers, is blamed not on the demon steam but on the obstinacy of the second engineer.<sup>32</sup> Neither was he perturbed about the economic dislocations resulting from an advancing technology. The profits from his typesetting machine would come, as he happily calculated, from the wages of the compositors that it would throw out of work. The compositors would have to understand that.

Printers are peculiarly well instructed men. They all know the history of the great labor-saving and speed-enhancing inventions, and they know that no hostility in the world can stop such a machine from coming into use, or even notably delay it.<sup>33</sup>

But in his recurring moods of world-weariness is a sort of implicit criticism of progress. As much as he praised the driving American spirit, as much as he marveled at the inventions of his century, and as much as he surrounded himself and titillated his existence with all the latest in scientific gadgets, he discovered that when he left civilization and was forced to live an unencumbered life, the ensuing peace was wonderful. In 1867 he contrasted the "restless, driving, vitality consuming life" in America with the relaxed, gracious living of the Europeans. Only when we live as Europeans do, he said, do "we begin to comprehend what life is for."<sup>34</sup> In 1877, luxuriating in the remoteness and simplicity of a Bermuda vacation, he wrote, "Bermuda is free (at present) from the triple curse of railways, telegraphs, and newspapers."<sup>35</sup> Ocean voyages soothed him. On board ship he would not be irritated by telegrams and news while the "harassed people on shore behind us were suffering just as usual."<sup>36</sup> In Aix he discovered a rest home where live "people who are tired of the roar of cities" and who want to "heal their blistered spirits and patch up their ragged minds."<sup>37</sup> In 1902 he recalled his Hannibal boyhood as "a paradise for simplicity--it was a simple, simple life, cheap but comfortable, and full of sweetness, and there was nothing of this rage of modern civilization at all."<sup>38</sup>

Why, if in a few moments of enforced quiet Mark Twain questioned the benefits of civilization, did not he temper his Babbittesque statements with these considerations? The answer lies in his most grievous intellectual shortcoming: He found it difficult to maintain an equilibrium in the area of tension between two contradictory ideas. Any single idea charmed him completely as its antithesis might charm him in another mood. When in 1898 he was struggling back to financial solvency, fatigued with his round-the-world lecture tour, and heartsick over the death of his favorite daughter Susan, he could no longer retain his brave faith in progress, and characteristically he denied the fact of progress from then on. His reaction was intuitive rather than intellectual, and its causes cannot therefore be fully analyzed, but the reaction itself can be copiously documented.

"And what does it amount to?" asks Satan in The Mysterious Stranger, speaking of the futility of life's succeeding generations. "Nothing at all. You gain nothing; you always come out where you went in. For a million years the race has gone on monotonously propagating itself and monotonously reperforming this dull nonsense--to what end? No wisdom can guess."<sup>39</sup> The main contribution of Christianity to the progress of the world, says Satan, is the development of the weapons of war. "...It will be recognized that all the competent killers are Christians; the pagan world will go to

school to the Christian--not to acquire his religion, but his guns."<sup>40</sup> No matter how much the externalities of civilization changed, human nature was not improved. Civilization, Mark Twain said, "had not succeeded in obliterating the natural man even yet."<sup>41</sup> Man was still a Thug at heart who enjoyed violence and seeing violence done.<sup>42</sup> Neither man's heart nor his head had changed. "The heart," he wrote in 1905, "is just about what it was in the beginning.... Its good and evil impulses and their consequences are the same today that they were in Old Bible times, in Egyptian times, in Greek times, in Middle Ages times, in Twentieth Century times.... Meantime, the brain has undergone no change. There are a few good brains and a multitude of poor ones. It was so in Old Bible times and in all the other times--Greek, Roman, Middle Ages, and Twentieth Century."<sup>43</sup>

Thus, while he had to recognize still the technological advances, he no longer admitted the moral ones. In 1905 he surveyed the past century:

Well, the 19th century made progress. In what? Materialities. Prodigious acquisitions were made in things which add to the comfort of many and make life harder for as many more. But the addition to righteousness? Is that discoverable? I think not. The materialities were not invented in the interest of righteousness; that there is more righteousness in the world because of them than there was before, is hardly demonstrable, I think.<sup>44</sup>

Moreover, modern luxury undermines integrity:

By our teaching we learn that vast material prosperity always brings in its train conditions which debase the morals and enervate the manhood of a nation--then the country's liberties come into the market and are bought, sold, squandered, thrown away, and a popular idol is carried to the throne upon the shields and shoulders of the worshipping people and planted there in permanency.<sup>45</sup>

And as a final quotation: "My idea of our civilization," he wrote in 1900, "is that it is a shabby poor thing and full of cruelties, vanities, arrogancies, meannesses, and hypocrisies. As for the word, I hate the sound of it, for it conveys a lie; and as for the thing itself, I wish it were in hell, where it belongs."<sup>46</sup>

He and the world, it seemed to him, had steered full tilt at the rock where the sirens sang a song of progress, and crashing on it there was nothing left for him to do but contemplate the wreck of civilization. Perhaps his disillusionment with progress gave him the insight and foresight to write in 1904 his engaging and alarming story, "Sold to Satan," which invokes the nightmare of the mushroom cloud. Satan's body, it seems, is composed of radium, an element the Curies had recently isolated. Satan can release from his fingertip enough atomic energy to "set in motion the works of a lady's watch or destroy a world."<sup>47</sup> If Satan were to strip off his skin and



release all the energy in his body, "the world would vanish away in a flash of flame and a puff of smoke, and the remnants of the extinguished moon would sift down through space a mere snow-shower of gray ashes."<sup>48</sup>

State University of South Dakota

Footnotes:

<sup>1</sup> The historical facts here and elsewhere are taken from Encyclopedia Britannica, 1948 edition, and C. A. and M. R. Beard, History of the United States (New York, 1921).

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Clemens, A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court (The Author's National Edition, New York and London, no date), 295. Hereafter separate works in The Author's National Edition will be referred to by title only.

<sup>3</sup> Samuel Clemens, Mark Twain's Letters, edited by A. B. Paine (New York and London, 1917), ii, 817.

<sup>4</sup> Tom Sawyer Abroad, 20.

<sup>5</sup> "The First Writing Machines," The \$30,000 Bequest, 166-170.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid., 169. A. B. Paine thinks that this first typewritten manuscript was not Tom Sawyer but parts of Life on the Mississippi. Mark Twain, A Biography (New York and London, 1912), i, 536.

<sup>7</sup> Letters, ii, 543-544; Biography, ii, 918-919.

<sup>8</sup> Biography, ii, 668-669.

<sup>9</sup> Biography, iii, 364.

<sup>10</sup> Van Wyck Brooks, The Ordeal of Mark Twain (New York, 1920), 132.

<sup>11</sup> Samuel Clemens, Mark Twain, Business Man, edited by Samuel Charles Webster (Boston, 1946), 266.

<sup>12</sup> Biography, ii, 753.

<sup>13</sup> Biography, i, 457; ii, 611.

<sup>14</sup> Mark Twain, Business Man, 171.

<sup>15</sup> Biography, ii, 726-727.

<sup>16</sup> Mark Twain, Business Man, 171.

<sup>17</sup> Biography, ii, 996. The machine is now on display in the Mark Twain house in Hartford.

<sup>18</sup> Brooks, The Ordeal of Mark Twain, 147.

<sup>19</sup> Bernard De Voto, Mark Twain's America (Boston, 1932), 296.

<sup>20</sup> Biography, ii, 878-879.

<sup>21</sup> Life on the Mississippi, 426.

<sup>22</sup> Ibid., 421.

<sup>23</sup> Ibid., 347-348.

<sup>24</sup> Samuel Clemens, Mark Twain's Notebook, edited by A. B. Paine (New York and London, 1935), 156-157.

<sup>25</sup> "What Paul Bourget Thinks of Us," Literary Essays, 143.

<sup>26</sup> The Innocents Abroad, i, 325.

- 27 Following the Equator, i, 136-137.  
28 Ibid., 303.  
29 Life on the Mississippi, 428.  
30 Samuel Clemens, Mark Twain's Speeches, edited by A. B. Paine (New York and London, 1923), 150-151.  
31 "The Danger of Lying in Bed," The \$30,000 Bequest, 261.  
32 The Gilded Age, i, 54.  
33 Notebook, 188.  
34 The Innocents Abroad, i, 241-244.  
35 Biography, ii, 591.  
36 "Some Rambling Thoughts of an Idle Excursion," Tom Sawyer Abroad, 258.  
37 Samuel Clemens, "Aix, The Paradise of the Rheumatics," Europe and Elsewhere (New York and London, 1923), 112.  
38 Mark Twain's Speeches, 249.  
39 Samuel Clemens, The Mysterious Stranger and Other Stories (New York and London, 1922), 111-112.  
40 Ibid., 111.  
41 "About Play Acting," The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg, 299.  
42 Following the Equator, ii, 125.  
43 Letters, ii, 769.  
44 Ibid.  
45 Samuel Clemens, Mark Twain in Eruption, edited by Bernard De Voto (New York, 1940), 69.  
46 Letters, ii, 695.  
47 "Sold to Satan," Europe and Elsewhere, 333-334.  
48 Ibid., 333.



**MARK TWAIN AND THE PHILIPPINES:  
CONTAINING AN UNPUBLISHED  
LETTER**

**MORTON N. COHEN**

Although Kipling's "The White Man's Burden" is the most famous piece of literature evoked by the Philippine phase of the Spanish-American War, it is not only the utterance by a man of letters on America's venture into imperialism. One of the most forceful voices heard on the subject on this side of the Atlantic was that of Mark Twain, who held strong convictions diametrically opposed to Kipling's.<sup>1</sup>

Twain's political opinions in general and his views of American expansion in particular have been well chronicled, but the account is enriched by an unpublished Twain letter that has recently come to light and the unpublished letter from the admirer that elicited it.<sup>2</sup>

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, Twain was living in Europe, lecturing and writing, his only means of earning enough money to pay the debts he had incurred when the Webster Company collapsed. While abroad, he undoubtedly heard a good deal of criticism of his country's policy in Cuba. But he defended the United States' position, believing that America was genuinely concerned for the Cuban people. He was not, however, sympathetic with the government's attitude toward the Philippines, for even before he returned home he saw that Washington did not intend to give the Filipinos immediate independence.

He had, of course, read the reports of Dewey's victory over the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, of the Rough Riders' victory in Cuba, and of Spain's capitulation to McKinley's demand that she relinquish the Philippines in exchange for \$20 million. He also knew that the Filipinos had risen in revolt when they realized that they were merely trading Spanish for American domination and that the United States had sent 70,000 men to the archipelago to defend Old Glory. He was certainly disturbed by the reports that American soldiers has resorted to humiliating bushwhacking to route Filipino guerillas and that atrocities had been committed by American prisoner-of-war camp authorities.

He arrived back in New York on October 15, 1900, to a tumultuous welcome, and he seized the opportunity, while in the limelight, to speak out quickly and passionately against American imperialism. During his first interview, on the evening of his arrival, he excoriated the government. "I have seen," he said, "that we do not intend to free, but to subjugate the peo-

Talam, Mass.,  
30 Dec. 1900.

Dear Sir:

Will you forgive a stranger  
for extending upon you scant leisure  
this expression of gratitude for your  
“Salutation” to this is coming country?

In my opinion it is, so far as I know,  
the best thing you ever did. Indeed,  
I rank it with Lincoln’s immortal  
speech at Gettysburg.

It has done me good. I have stopped  
taking medicine, now that somebody  
has done something effective to rouse  
the public from this chronic apathy in  
this universal reign of terror.

It is a great strain upon me. I  
confide to continue to harbor the  
conviction that he is right, and all  
the “poor” that be “of” Christians are  
wrong in their fearful misdeeds  
upon human beings. But if wrong,  
how appalling the magnitude of the  
error or crime!

You have cheered me. You reassured  
me against the depressing doubt of my  
own sanity, and you encourage me  
to believe there is yet hope that old  
Wallen’s sentiment, echoed by Charles  
Sumner on the little page of his  
first great plea for universal peace,  
may prevail throughout the world:—

“What angel shall descend to reconcile  
These Christian states, and end their guilty toll?”

I implore you to continue to improve  
the advantage which the high place you have  
obtained gives you for reaching the public  
ear and conscience, by stirring of the phre-  
nes until they stop, to think; which it would  
be distracting the providence of God to look  
must be followed by voluntary and repentance.

Love, as I began, with the profound  
thank of,

Yours cordially,  
Abner Goodell.

Wm. Samuel L. Clemens,  
146 W. 42nd St.,  
New York, N. Y.

Figure One

14 West 10th St.

New York

Dear Sir:

I think you

it is a “universal  
terror.” There is  
a universal re-  
error also — +  
indifference to  
invidable fact,  
press + people  
of honor is shown  
pretty fact every  
think, — among  
— + has fairly

Figure Two

Figure One: Abner Goodell to Samuel L. Clemens, December 30, 1900.

Figures Two and Three: Samuel L. Clemens to Abner Goodell, December 31, 1900. See also inside back cover. Figures Two and Three © Copyright 1960 by The Mark Twain Company.

Street.

York Dec. 31/00.

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et, in pulpit  
ple. The standard  
showing  
everywhere, I  
ing individuals  
ly disappeared

e Two

from Governments.  
I find but few men who  
disapprove of our  
theft of the Phillipines &  
of our assassination  
of the liberties of the  
people of the Archipelago.

I thank you very much  
for your letter. I shan't  
receive many of its  
kind.

Sincerely,  
S. L. Clemens,  
-2

Figure Three

ple of the Philippines. We have gone there to conquer, not to redeem."<sup>3</sup> And when he spoke at a dinner in his honor at the Lotus Club on November 10, he again expressed anti-expansionist sentiments.

His was clearly a minority position. Imperialism, in the guise of Destiny, was the cry of the day, especially in the yellow Hearst and Pulitzer press. Twain, at the height of his success, must have realized fully that by embracing an unpopular cause he was jeopardizing the very audience upon whom he depended for a living. "Mark Twain feared a possible return into debt as he feared almost nothing else," Professor Gibson has written;<sup>4</sup> and yet hardly a month passed in the three years after his return to this country during which he did not, in one way or another, denounce imperialism. The more he read about American operations in the Philippines, the stronger grew his indignation, the more frequent his outspoken appeals, the more vehement his public denunciations. On December 13, 1900, at a Waldorf-Astoria banquet, when he introduced Winston Churchill, then a young war correspondent, he interspersed his gracious compliments with frank admissions that he and Churchill did not see eye to eye on imperialism, and he restated his position on recent events in South Africa and China, as well as the Philippines.

It is not surprising, in the light of his pronounced views and his obvious desire to influence American policy if he could, that he granted a request from the Red Cross Society at the end of 1900 to write a greeting which, he understood, would be read on New Year's Eve, along with other messages from famous people, at numerous meetings across the country. But after he wrote his statement, he discovered that the Society was using only his name in its advance notices, and he asked the Red Cross manager either to publish the other names as well or return his contribution. The manager returned the greeting, and Twain sent it instead to the New York Herald, which printed a photograph of it in its issue of December 30, 1900. The text reads as follows:

A salutation-speech from the Nineteenth Century to the Twentieth, taken down in short-hand by Mark Twain:

I bring you the stately matron named Christendom, returning dedruggled, besmirched and dishonored from pirate-raids in Kiao-Chou, Manchuria, South Africa, & the Philippines [sic], with her soul full of meanness, her pocket full of boodle, and her mouth full of pious hypocrisies. Give her soap & a towel, but hide the looking-glass.

Mark Twain<sup>5</sup>

New York, Dec. 31, 1900

Professor Gibson has pointed out why this piece is perhaps Twain's "most perfect single piece of persuasive writing" and has described the reaction to it in some detail.<sup>6</sup> The hitherto unpublished material, a letter

from an admirer and Twain's reply, give further evidence of Twain's strong opinions.

The admirer was Abner Cheney Goodell (1831-1914) of Salem, Massachusetts, a lawyer and historian, sometime President of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, who owned an exceptional library on witchcraft and was, at the time he wrote to Twain, an editor and annotator of the laws of colonial Massachusetts.<sup>7</sup> He writes from Salem, on the same day that Twain's greeting appeared in the Herald:

Dear Sir:

Will you forgive a stranger for obtruding upon your scant leisure this expression of gratitude for your "Salutation" to the incoming century.

In my opinion it is, so far as I know, the best thing you ever did. Indeed, I rank it with Lincoln's immortal speech at Gettysburg.

It has done me good. I have stopped taking medicine, now that somebody has done something effectual to rouse the public from their chronic apathy in this universal reign of terror.

It is a great strain upon one's self-confidence to continue to harbor the conviction that he is right, and all the "powers that be" of Christendom are wrong in their fearful onslaughts upon human beings. And if wrong, how appalling the magnitude of the error of crime!

You have cheered me. You reassure me against the depressing doubt of my own sanity, and you encourage me to believe there is yet hope that old Waller's sentiment, echoed by Charles Sumner in the title-page of his first great plea for universal peace, may prevail throughout the world:--

"What angel shall descend to reconcile

These Christian states, and end their guilty toil?"

I implore you to continue to improve the advantage which the high place you have attained gives you for reaching the public ear and conscience, by stirring up the pharisees until they stop, to think; which it would be distrusting the providence of God to doubt must be followed by relenting and repentance.

I end, as I began, with the profound thanks of,

Yours cordially,  
Abner C. Goodell

Mr. Samuel Clemens,  
14 W. Tenth St.,  
New York, N. Y.

Mark Twain's reply shows once more how deeply he felt about the war in the Philippines, how courageously he spoke out on the subject at every opportunity, and how, though he felt abandoned in a sea of hostile popular opinion, he fully intended to continue on his lonely course:

14 West 10th Street.

New York, Dec. 31/00.

Dear Sir:

I think you are right: it is a "universal reign of terror." There seems to be a universal reign of error also --& a strange indifference to that formidable fact, in pulpit, press & people. The standard of honor is shrinking pretty fast everywhere, I think, --among individuals--& has fairly disappeared from Governments. I find but few men who disapprove of our theft of the Phillipines [sic] & of our assassination of the liberties of the people of the Archipelago.

I thank you very much for your letter. I shan't receive many of its kind.

Sincerely yours,  
S L. Clemens

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The City College of New York

Footnotes:

<sup>1</sup> For other literary expressions on the subject, see Fred Harvey Harrington, "Literary Aspects of American Anti-Imperialism, 1898-1902," New England Quarterly, x (1937), 650-67.

<sup>2</sup> For Twain on imperialism, see William M. Gibson, "Mark Twain and Howells: Anti-Imperialists," New England Quarterly, xx (1947), 435-70. I wish to acknowledge the kind assistance of Professor Gibson in preparing this note and the generosity of Mr. A. Gittes, of the Oak Grove Galleries, Malden, Massachusetts, owner of the Mark Twain letter, and the Trustees of the Mark Twain Estate, for permission to quote the Twain material.

<sup>3</sup> "Mark Twain Home, An Anti-Imperialist," New York Herald, October 16, 1900, 4.

<sup>4</sup> Gibson, 470.

<sup>5</sup> "New Century Greeting Which Twain Recalled," 7.

<sup>6</sup> Gibson, 451 ff.

<sup>7</sup> See obituaries in the New York Times, July 22, 1914, 9; and the Boston Globe, July 21, 1914, 14. The Goodell letter is among the Mark Twain Papers at the University of California, Berkeley, Goodell's quotation (which, in the second line, should read The for These) is from "Of the In-

vasion and Defeat of the Turks, in the Year 1683," by Edmund Waller (1606-87). See Thomas Park, ed., The Poetical Works of Edmund Waller (2 vols., London: Stanhope Press, 1806), i, 93. Charles Sumner (1811-74), Senator from Massachusetts, reproduced the lines on the title page of his The War System of the Commonwealth of Nations. An Address before the American Peace Society, at its Anniversary in Boston, May 28, 1849 (Boston: Tickner, Reed, and Fields, 1849).

## MARK TWAIN AND THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

AURELE A. DUROCHER

In the late 1880's, Mark Twain wrote: "In two or three little centuries it [the Roman Catholic Church] had converted a nation of men [England] to a nation of worms."<sup>1</sup> Not a decade later, he remarked again that the Church "is doubtless the most peace-giving and restful of all the religions."<sup>2</sup> Surely a man who could say such things about the same Church must have been impressed by it. The purpose of this paper is to determine Mark Twain's basic attitude toward this Church, as revealed in The Innocents Abroad [1869], A Connecticut Yankee [1889], Joan of Arc [1896],<sup>3</sup> and other miscellaneous writings.

We turn our attention first to the early years before Innocents Abroad. Alexander E. Jones, in his study, "Mark Twain and Religion,"<sup>4</sup> states that Mark Twain changed his attitude toward the Catholic Church from hostility in his early life to something more nearly approaching understanding and tolerance in his later years. Now, it is impossible to state definitely how hostile Mark Twain was toward the Church before 1867, as Innocents Abroad was being written. Two remarks, however, show that he may have held certain unfriendly attitudes about the Church in his early life. During the course of some comments with regard to the Convent Fathers in Palestine, he said that "I have been educated to enmity toward everything that is Catholic, and sometimes in consequence of this, I find it much easier to discover Catholic faults than Catholic merits."<sup>5</sup> Six years after Innocents Abroad, he again observed, while on a visit to Ireland: "A week ago a vast concourse of Catholics assembled at Armagh to dedicate a new cathedral; and when they started home again the roadways were lined with groups of meek and lowly Protestants who stoned them till all the region round about was marked with blood. I thought that only Catholics argued in that way, but it seems to be a mistake."<sup>6</sup>

Collateral evidence from the early years suggests that Mark Twain probably absorbed some hostility toward the Catholic Church from the Protestants in Hannibal, where the religious atmosphere was largely puritanical and evangelical. Here young Samuel Clemens attended the church of the Presbyterians, who responded most enthusiastically to appeals for an anti-Catholic crusade. The rising spirit of nativism in the 1830's and 1840's, says Ray Allen Billington, fanned to a degree the potential ill will toward



Catholics dammed up among the Protestants. "Nearly all of the Protestant denominations in the United States responded . . . [to appeals for an anti-Catholic crusade] but none with more enthusiasm than the Presbyterians, whose heritage of antagonism toward Rome fitted them to take full advantage of the excitement . . . "7 Since the Presbyterians constituted the most influential congregation in Hannibal by the late 1840's, when young Sam Clemens was to come under their influence at Sunday school, they must have heard, and probably acted upon, anti-Catholic advice from higher authority: ". . . the Roman Catholic Church has essentially apostatized from the religion of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ . . . [and] all in our communion [are] to endeavor by the diffusion of light by the pulpit, the press and all other Christian means to resist the extension of Romanism . . . "8

These sentiments, of course, were echoed in the local press. A writer in the Hannibal Journal characterized the Papal states as the "worst administered government on the globe." In a later issue, a letter signed by "Delta" fired this salvo: "[The Roman Catholic Church] endures Protestantism here now--because it is 'expedient'--because 'she must'--because she has not the physical power to destroy it; but . . . as certainly as there is a God in heaven, just so certainly will the Roman Catholic Church, if she ever gets the power in America, 'destroy,' exterminate Protestantism of every form--annihilate Religious toleration, and bind the physical energies of our descendants to the ponderous car--and confine the labors of their immortal minds within the iron-bound circle prescribed by the Pope of Rome. . . . "9

It is clear, therefore, that young Sam Clemens was reared in an atmosphere hostile to Catholicism, but it is impossible to state conclusively whether the prevailing sentiment influenced him or his family to any great extent. That a nativist bias was present in Sam's thinking at this time is indicated in a letter written by him in November, 1853, in Philadelphia, when he commented upon the "abominable foreigners here . . . who hate everything American . . . "10 Edgar M. Branch states that Sam's ". . . political views at this time [1855] seem to have been tinged with the nativism then exploited by the Know Nothing party. He reported from St. Louis [to the Hannibal Journal?] in February, 1855, that a 'new Catholic paper (bad luck to it) is . . . soon to be established, for the purpose of keeping the Know Nothing organ straight.'" With regard to this statement, Branch rightly comments that while it does not indicate positive approval of the Know Nothing platform it may suggest a preference.<sup>11</sup>

In the latter part of the 1850's Samuel Clemens was touched by another influence which probably shaped, in part, his opinions of the Roman Catholic Church--his reading of various eighteenth-century writings, those of Paine, Hume, Voltaire, and Gibbon. That Sam absorbed much eighteenth-century skepticism and moralism is, of course, well known.<sup>12</sup> Eighteenth-century

ideas were, moreover, known on the western frontier, where Twain's character and art were formed, and he himself shared the later eighteenth-century distrust of established institutions. A reading of Tom Paine alone would have provided him with a remarkably lucid attack upon the Roman Catholic Church. There is no doubt, without tracing direct influences, that Twain, when in Europe in 1867 gathering materials for Innocents Abroad, and later when writing A Connecticut Yankee and Joan of Arc, already was predisposed to hostility toward the Roman Catholic Church and ready to condemn what he considered its excesses. His earlier extensive reading in the eighteenth-century deists undoubtedly played an important part in the formation of his opinions and the setting of his mind.

In 1861, just after his abortive experience in the Confederate service, Sam joined the Masonic lodge in St. Louis. From this short-lived attachment there is no evidence of his absorbing any anti-Catholic prejudices. Whether hostile remarks made by fellow Masons influenced him is, of course, a moot question. However, his brief acquaintance with Masonry led him to consider certain liberal ideas in religious matters, and later helped him to make a clean break with evangelical Protestantism. He wrote in his Autobiography: "I have never belonged to any church from that day [referring to his early break with orthodox Christianity] to this. I have remained absolutely free in those matters. And in this independence I have found a spiritual comfort and a peace of mind quite above price."<sup>13</sup> Moreover, about the same time as his Masonic experience, he began to speak approvingly of certain phases of Catholic activity. On his visit to the Sandwich Islands in 1866 he had occasion to observe the missionary activity there--Catholic and Protestant--commending the former and condemning the latter (in his criticism of a minister by the name of Harris, for example): "The Catholic clergy are honest, straightforward, frank, and open; they are industrious and devoted to their religion and their work; they never meddle; whatever they do can be relied on as being prompted by a good and worthy motive."<sup>14</sup>

In this remark we see a foreshadowing of one aspect of his attitude toward the Church that Mark Twain exhibited in Innocents Abroad. In this book his attitude is not unqualifiedly hostile; it consists of three main factors: an incredulity regarding miracles and relics, hostility toward what he considered unjust activities of the Church and some of its clergy, and a certain amount of understanding and approval of other members of the Catholic clergy.

His reaction to relics is that their ubiquitous existence showed that "Jesuit humbuggery" (p. 35) flourished; he could not find them impressive. The hundreds of pieces of the "veritable cross [with nails 'amounting to as much as a keg'] upon which our Saviour was crucified" (pp. 109, 87, et passim) stretched Mark Twain's belief in them to the breaking point. Other relics and evidences of miraculous occurrence appeared in such numbers

and in so many places that he was bewildered. He mused over the small lamp in the chapel of the cathedral in Fayal, kept lit with funds left by a good lady at her death and intended to indicate that unlimited masses were being said "for the repose of her soul": "It is a very small lamp, and a very dim one, and it could not work her much damage, I think, if it went out altogether" (p. 35). The ashes of various good saints, preserved by the clergy, he found a cause for jocularity: "The main point of interest about the Cathedral [of San Lorenzo] is the little chapel of St. John the Baptist [where there is]. . . a marble chest, in which, they told us, were the ashes of St. John; . . . We did not desire to disbelieve these statements. . . because we had seen St. John's ashes before, in another Church. We could not bring ourselves to think St. John had two sets of ashes" (p. 108). When he described St. Peter's in Rome, his skepticism was reinforced as he was shown Peter's ashes, a relic now become common: "We stood reverently in that place; so did we also in the Mamertine Prison, where he was confined, where he converted the soldiers, and where tradition says he caused a spring of water to flow in order that he might baptize them. But when they showed us the print of Peter's face in the hard stone of the prison wall and said he made that by falling up against it, we doubted" (p. 176). Mark Twain applied the same skepticism to the stories of other miraculous relics and feats he heard of, like those of Veronica's handkerchief, the imprint of Christ's elbow in solid stone, of Gabriel's grip and Mohammed's footprints in other stones, the miracle of the silver cross of the Archbishop of Paris, and many others--all to him "a monkish humbug and fraud" (pp. 334, 337, et passim).

When he turned his attention to some of the clergy, his comments became even more caustic. He asserted, when the members of the Quaker City excursion were in Italy, that "We were in the heart and home of priestcraft--of a happy, cheerful, contented ignorance, superstition, degradation, poverty, indolence, and everlasting unaspiring worthlessness" (p. 132). This Italy is a "priest-ridden Italy" (p. 165), which condition has kept this unhappy country in a state of hampering stagnation. The clergy consisted of "well-fed priests . . . fat and serene" (p. 108), a very graphic contrast to the poverty-stricken masses of Italians he commented about. Twain implied that the hunger of these poor people was in direct ratio to the gastronomic surfeit of the clergy whom he saw. The close juxtaposition of nouns in the sentence, "beggars, Princes and Bishops . . . jostle each other in the street" (p. 191), is more than just coincidental; they represented the picture as he observed it in Italy.

And the Church, as an owner of vast properties and untold wealth, he severely condemned. In commenting on the anomaly of a bankrupt Italy and a fabulously wealthy Church, whose property was untaxed, Mark Twain put his finger on a sore spot: "As far as I can see, Italy . . . is today one vast museum of magnificence and misery. All the churches in an ordinary Ameri-

can city put together could hardly buy the jeweled frippery in one of her hundred cathedrals. And for every beggar in America, Italy can show a hundred--and rags and vermin to match. It is the wretchedest, princeliest land on earth. . . . 'Oh, sons of classic Italy, is the spirit of enterprise, of self-reliance, of noble endeavour, utterly dead within you? Curse your indolent worthlessness, why don't you rob your church?'" (p. 167). He then referred to the Inquisition. In contrasting the methods of imperial Rome toward the early Christians with those of the leaders of the Inquisition in medieval Europe, Mark Twain saw only that the Inquisitors showed greater subtlety in malevolence. He remarked:

. . . when the Christians came into power, when the holy Mother Church became mistress of the barbarians, she taught them the error of their ways . . . --first by twisting their thumbs out of joint with a screw; then by nipping their flesh with pincers--red-hot ones, because they are the most comfortable in cold weather; then by skinning them alive a little, and finally by roasting them in public. They always convinced those barbarians. The true religion, properly administered, as the good Mother Church used to administer it, is very, very soothing. It is wonderfully persuasive, also. There is a great difference between feeding parties to wild beasts and stirring up their finer feelings in an Inquisition. One is the system of degraded barbarians, the other of enlightened, civilized people. It is a great pity the playful Inquisition is no more (p. 176).

Lest one might think that Mark Twain was only abusive, it is fair to point out that he spoke also as a compassionate humanitarian, who bestowed approbation where he felt it was deserved. When in Paris, he had occasion to visit the cemetery of Père la Chaise, the last resting place of those who belong to a "nobler royalty,--the royalty of heart and brain. . . ." He cited some grand names, like that of the "Abbé Sicard [who] sleeps here . . . the first great teacher of the deaf and dumb--a man whose heart went out to every unfortunate, and whose life was given to kindly offices in their services . . . ." (p. 93). Later, when in Milan Cathedral, he paid tender respects to the "good St. Charles Borroméo, Bishop of Milan . . . a warm-hearted, unselfish man; a man whose whole life was given to succouring the poor, encouraging the faint-hearted, visiting the sick; in relieving distress, whenever and wherever he found it. His heart, his hand and his purse were always open" (p. 115). When it is recalled that in this same book the Protestant ministers and pilgrims on the excursion were dealt with harshly at times for their activities, Mark Twain's singling out of good Catholic clerics points up his essential fairness and kindness toward anyone who performed like a real Christian.

The catalogue of virtues in various members of the clergy he continued to recount. He remarked that the charity of the Dominican friars in Italy was most impressive and praiseworthy (pp. 169-170). The rather long account of the most hospitable treatment accorded Mark Twain and his companions by the monks of Mars Saba in Palestine likewise indicated that credit must be paid where due. After the small company had been fed, made at ease, and bedded, ". . . we were new men. For all this hospitality no strict charge was made. We could give something if we chose; we need give nothing, if we were poor or if we were stingy. . . ." (p. 353). Twain continued:

The pauper and the miser are free as any in the Catholic Convents of Palestine. . . . Their doors are always open, and there is always a welcome for any worthy man who comes; whether he comes in rags or clad in purple. The Catholic Convents are a priceless blessing to the poor. A pilgrim without money, whether he be a Protestant or a Catholic, can travel the length and breadth of Palestine, and in the midst of her desert wastes find wholesome food and a clean bed every night, in these buildings. . . . Our party, pilgrims and all, will always be ready and always willing, to touch glasses and drink health, prosperity, and long life to the Convent Fathers of Palestine (p. 354).

The remarks above show, in the writer's opinion, that Mark Twain viewed some Catholic practices and activities of the Catholic clergy as a good reporter does. On the whole, he was willing to observe the Catholic Church with a fair mind and a full heart, he was not hostile toward it except for what he considered good reason, and he was positively friendly toward it when he found something or someone to approve. This position regarding the Church was basically the stand to which he adhered for the rest of his life.

Twenty years elapsed between the publication of Innocents Abroad and A Connecticut Yankee. What was his attitude in this interim? It is not qualitatively different from that already referred to. In a letter to Livy late in 1881, Mark Twain praised the heroism of some Jesuit missionaries: ". . . you must read about the early Jesuit missionaries in Canada. Talk about self-abnegation! heroism! fidelity to a cause! It was sublime, it was stupendous. Why what these men did & suffered . . . makes one adore & glorify human nature . . . . In endurance and performance they were gods, in subordination to authority they were swine." One notes again Twain's ambivalent attitude. Mark Twain struck a new note, however, in the attraction he felt for the spiritual comfort experienced by sincere Catholics, as he wistfully observed in the same letter: "But for the shame of it, the indignity to my pride, I would like to be a priest's slave, & glide in with my basket or my bundle, & duck my head & crook my knee at a painted image, & glide out

again with my immortal part refreshed and strengthened for my day's burdens."<sup>15</sup> These two comments do not indicate any fundamental change in his thinking about the Church, as he had observed it in 1867.

The aspect of the Roman Catholic Church which Mark Twain condemned most severely in A Connecticut Yankee is that of its established character in medieval Europe. Though the Boss spoke, the real voice was Mark Twain's, for the appraisal of the Church, its power, authoritarian pronouncements, and the skulduggery of some of its clerical servants closely accords with the judgment of it already traced in Innocents Abroad. As an established church its spirit and program were a denial of the political liberalism, humanitarian social impulses, and technological advancement that the Boss associated with contemporary America; as a result, to him it must remain anathema.

The unfavorable references to an Established Church so far outweigh any other types of reference to it that it seems unmistakable that any established church--Catholic or Protestant--would have earned the Boss's ire.<sup>16</sup> He said: ". . . I was afraid of a united Church; it makes a mighty power, the mightiest conceivable, and then when it by and by gets into selfish hands, as it is always bound to do, it means death to human liberty and paralysis to human thought" (p. 694). Had he dared to introduce his inventions to the public too suddenly, ". . . I should have had the Established Roman Catholic Church on my back in a minute" (p. 695). And so, throughout the book, the indictment was rounded out: the Established Church was the implacable enemy of democratic government, of progress in bodily cleanliness and sanitation, of public education, of freedom, of enlightened penology, of equitable taxes (pp. 709, 720, et passim). The Church moreover punished anyone who challenged the tremendous authority by which it maintained its prerogatives by the imposition on a whole nation of the interdict, a terrible penalty for a people wishing to remain sincere Catholics and members of the Established Church (p. 865). Clearly nothing short of a political and religious revolution, a project which the Boss earnestly contemplated, could destroy such irresponsible power (pp. 730, 859).

The Boss also found much to condemn in the rapacity of church officials, especially the prelates. He told the story of a man who ". . . had ten children; and he said that last year when a priest came and of his ten pigs took the fattest one for tithes, the wife burst out upon him . . . ." (p. 743). The story of the legal decision to turn over the property of the poor engaged girl to her lord, the Bishop, is another example. When the poor girl pleads her case, her helplessness is contrasted to the power and greed of the Bishop. The case was decided by the King (as a mere puppet for the Bishop, Twain makes clear), who decreed that her property reverted to the Bishop because of a trivial legal technicality (pp. 774-775). In the medieval economy, the Boss discovered, there was a sizable group of people ironically called freemen, who



could not leave the estates of their lord or their bishop without his permission; they could not prepare their own bread, but must have their corn ground and their bread baked at his mill and his bakery, and pay roundly for the same; they could not sell a piece of their own property . . . they had to harvest his grain for him gratis . . . they had to smother their anger when his hunting-parties galloped through their fields . . . when the harvest was at last gathered, then came the procession of robbers to levy their blackmail upon it: first the Church carted off its fat tenth . . . finally, if the freeman, grown desperate with his tortures, found his life unendurable under such conditions, and sacrificed it and fled to death for mercy and refuge, the gentle Church condemned him to eternal fire, the gentle law buried him at midnight at the cross-roads with a stake through his back, and his master the baron or the bishop confiscated all his property and turned his widow and his orphans out of doors (pp. 707-708).

In this entire book the only favorable reference to Church personnel is as follows: ". . . not all priests were frauds and self-seekers, but. . . many, even the great majority, of these that were down on the ground among the common people, were sincere and right-hearted, and devoted to 'the alleviation of human troubles and sufferings'" (p. 730). Twain had made a similar observation in Innocents Abroad; it reminds us of Chaucer's treatment of the Parson. Even in the Established Church, there were individual priests who were real humanitarians, laying up stores for themselves in heaven. Nevertheless, the indictment of the Established Church is so overwhelming in A Connecticut Yankee that this story represents a high point in Twain's condemnation of that which he found blameworthy in the Church. In it he scored the same princes of the Church that he had condemned in Innocents Abroad; he also called attention to some worthy and charitable priests. Mark Twain's judgment of the Church in 1889, then, was fundamentally the same as he had expressed it in 1867.

At the time of the publication of A Connecticut Yankee, Twain had already begun research on a book, whose heroine, Joan of Arc, was a source of considerable fascination to him. The book in final form was published in 1896. In a letter to Livy in the early 1890's, he wrote: "I am very, very glad Jean is in a convent. I was astonished at myself that I had never thought of a convent. And away deep down in my heart I feel that if they make a good strong unshakable Catholic of her I shan't be the least little bit sorry. . . . If I had it I would not trade it for anything in the earth. If I ever change my religion I shall change to that."<sup>17</sup> Such a comment came out of the depths of his heart, when Mark Twain was stricken by the personal and family calamities that crowded his last years. They also show his recognition that, re-



ardless of the historic Church's alleged shortcomings and the "fraud" and "humbuggery" of a section of its clergy, it also offered spiritual comfort, an observation he had made before, in 1881. Nevertheless, we should not conclude from the foregoing remark that his attitude toward an authoritarian church and his conviction of its political activity and unwholesome hold on men's allegiance had changed in any appreciable degree.

Examining the attitudes toward the Church in Joan of Arc, we read that the Catholic Church as such was not responsible for the martyrdom of Joan; rather, some evil geniuses in the Church of North France were to blame. One Sieur Louis de Conte, Joan's page and secretary, tells her story; his references to the Church in his account of Joan's career are those of a Catholic of the fifteenth century. On the other hand, many unflattering references to certain ecclesiastics were those of Mark Twain, since the attitude revealed in this book is similar to that in Innocents Abroad and A Connecticut Yankee. Twain, therefore, as well as Sieur Louis de Conte, was speaking in this story.

He described the worthy priest of Domremy as the "good priest, Guillaume Fronte [who] . . . had a most kind and gentle nature" (i, 5 and 15). One of the priests of the Inquisition, a representative of which had to question Joan according to ecclesiastical law when she was before the final court, "was a brave and righteous man" (ii, 116), according to the narrator. Furthermore, even the "sour and sarcastic" Brother Seguin, professor of theology and a member of the illustrious doctors of the University of Poitiers who examined Joan, "was a manly man, and honest, as you can see by the histories; for at the Rehabilitation he could have hidden those unlucky incidents [as, for example, Joan's besting of her Inquisitors in her replies to them] if he had chosen, but he didn't do it, but spoke them right out in his evidence" (i, 164 and 165). These remarks, though probably part of the "official history" of Joan of Arc, suggest similar references to worthy priests whom Twain met on the Quaker City excursion and to whom the Boss referred in A Connecticut Yankee. And it was the parish priests who actually did something concrete about Joan's plight: "Everybody knew that in various towns patriot priests had been marching in procession urging the people to sacrifice money, property, everything, and buy the freedom of their heaven-sent deliverer" (ii, 112). Clearly "not all priests were frauds and self-seekers" (A Connecticut Yankee, p. 730).

In Joan of Arc Twain showed respect for features of the Church he had not considered in Innocents Abroad and A Connecticut Yankee. Evidently, in his research regarding Joan he had met some facts (probably new to him) about the canon law and ecclesiastical procedure of the Church. This knowledge may have caused a shift in his attitude more favorable to the Church as a medieval institution. References, for instance, are made to Joan's power of faith in God, a faith that Twain did not ridicule but admired (i, 71 ff.). He faithfully described the conduct of the ecclesiastical court which considered

Joan's alleged crimes, finding the court's concern for fairness, orderly procedure, and the reaching of sound conclusions (ii, 123). The canon law of the Church, basis for interpretations of the meaning of evidence and findings of innocence or culpability, caused Twain to regard the Church as an institution of men many of whom wanted justice to prevail given the data they were able to collect (i, 119, 120). Of significance, too, is the fact, as Twain pointed out, that Rome, after Joan's trial and condemnation, declared her innocent (ii, 286).<sup>18</sup>

In Joan of Arc, then, Mark Twain's attitude toward the Church is clear. He discriminated between what appeared to him to be an authoritarian, established Church with many callous and greedy ecclesiastical princes, and a Church which also had many praiseworthy lesser clergy. He recorded evidence, too, that the faith of one Catholic saint was not to be ridiculed and that the legal administration of the Church was not so harsh as he described it in A Connecticut Yankee. In addition, he several times called attention, in other writings, to the spiritual sustenance derived by Catholics from the Church's symbols and customary practices.

From the time of the publication of Joan of Arc until his death in 1910, Mark Twain suffered several personal tragedies that deepened his gloom and culminated, toward the end of his life, in three pessimistic works. His attitude in these later years is difficult to determine, since he hardly mentioned the Catholic Church in his writing. He did retain his spirit of magnanimity toward certain representatives of the Church. He expressed regret at not being able to contribute an article to Christ's Poor, a Catholic publication directed by some nuns, though he felt "honored by being requested" to contribute something "to an unassailably good cause."

Cyril Clemens, who reported this remark, continued: "When Mark Twain was in his last illness, my mother wrote him that she was having some nuns pray for him. In the course of his reply, he said: 'I am grateful for the prayers of those good nuns and for yours; they have already answered themselves in giving me a deep pleasure.'"<sup>19</sup> Thus, at the end of his life, Mark Twain still held to a disposition of graciousness regarding certain practices of the Catholic Church.

The foregoing evidence indicates that Mark Twain's attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church does not represent a gradual development from hostility to tolerance. On the contrary, his attitude is quite consistent from the days of his young manhood to those of his old age. He saw the Church as a very human institution which had made many grave mistakes but had also several redeeming features--both of which he referred to in his writings. Despite his early background in a region hostile to Catholicism, his avid reading of various eighteenth-century writers who were no friends of the Church, his brief experience with the Masons, some of whom may have harbored an animus against the Church, and his travels throughout some of the most Catholic sections of Europe, Mark Twain, in the writer's opinion,

maintained a balanced judgment toward the Church that is at once unusual and interesting.

Northern Michigan College

Footnotes:

<sup>1</sup> A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, in The Favorite Works of Mark Twain (New York, 1935), 687.

<sup>2</sup> Clara Clemens, My Father, Mark Twain (New York, 1931), 200.

<sup>3</sup> The editions of these works used by the writer are The Innocents Abroad (London, Collins Clear-Type Press, n. d.); A Connecticut Yankee, cited in note 1; and Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc (New York, 1924).

<sup>4</sup> Unpublished thesis (University of Minnesota, 1950). The subject of Mark Twain's relations with Catholicism is covered on pp. 238-285. Jones traces a gradual lessening of hostility toward the Roman Catholic Church on the part of Mark Twain. My own findings, as shown in this paper, do not bear out this judgment.

<sup>5</sup> Innocents Abroad, 354.

<sup>6</sup> "'Party Cries' in Ireland," in Sketches New and Old (n. p., 1875), 318. Cited by Jones, "Twain and Religion," 265.

<sup>7</sup> The Protestant Crusade, 1800-1860: A Study of the Origins of American Nativism (New York, 1938), 173.

<sup>8</sup> Taken from a set of resolutions proclaimed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in 1835. Additional resolutions to implement this program were subsequently issued to Presbyterian congregations. See Billington, Protestant Crusade, 175-176.

<sup>9</sup> Both quotations, from the Journal for May 27, 1852, and July 1, 1852, cited by Jones, "Twain and Religion," 244 and 242-243, respectively.

<sup>10</sup> Mark Twain's Letters, i, 29. Cited by Edgar M. Branch, The Literary Apprenticeship of Mark Twain (University of Illinois, 1950), 37.

<sup>11</sup> Mark Twain's Letters in the Muscatine Journal (Chicago, 1942), 36-37.

<sup>12</sup> See, for example, Minnie M. Brashear, Mark Twain, Son of Missouri (Chapel Hill, N. C., 1934), 213 ff.; Earl Hilton, "Mark Twain's Theory of History," Papers of the Michigan Academy of Science, Arts and Letters, xxxvii (1951), 445-453.

<sup>13</sup> See Autobiography, ii, 15. Cited by Jones, p. 339. This "spiritual comfort and a peace of mind" were referred to again by Mark Twain as he spoke of his reassuring conviction that he had discovered a nobler religion, after breaking with Christian orthodoxy, with "a Diet of a dignity and sublimity proportioned to the majesty of His office and the magnitude of His empire." Cited by Jones, p. 125, from Mark Twain's "Aix, Paradise of Rheu-

matics," a sketch written in 1891 included in Europe and Elsewhere (n. p., 1923), 97.

<sup>14</sup> Mark Twain, in a letter to the Sacramento Union. Cited by Walter F. Frear, Mark Twain and Hawaii (Chicago, 1947), 139.

<sup>15</sup> The Love Letters of Mark Twain, ed. Dixon Wecter (New York, 1947), 206 and 205.

<sup>16</sup> See Jones, 280, for Mark Twain's fears concerning Christian Science's becoming an established church.

<sup>17</sup> Clara Clemens, My Father, Mark Twain, 100.

<sup>18</sup> These new insights, however, did not cause Twain to temper his ire at the crafty clerics whose descriptions may be found throughout Joan of Arc. There were "that plotting fox, the Archbishop of Rheims" (i, 126); the "great bunch of priests and monks . . . a company of holy hair-splitters and phrase-mongers . . . rats . . . devouring the house" (i, 160); . . . also "that forever infamous Pierre Cauchon" (ii, 105) and [the] ecclesiastic "Nicolas Loyseleur . . . full of . . . treachery and hypocrisy" (ii, 120-121)--all of them like the scoundrel priests who Twain in Innocents Abroad said infested Italy and the rascally and casuistic bishops whose characters Twain described in A Connecticut Yankee. In Joan (ii, 104) he referred to the Inquisition in terms similar to those employed in Innocents Abroad and to the Established Church (ii, 214) in judgments like those delivered in A Connecticut Yankee.

<sup>19</sup> Mark Twain's Religion (Kirkwood, Missouri, 1935), 11-12. Cited by Jones, 283-284.

AMERICAN STUDIES ASSOCIATION  
SPEECH ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA  
JOINT SESSION

Friday, December 30, 1960, 10:40 a.m.  
Crystal Room, Sheraton-Jefferson Hotel  
St. Louis, Missouri

TOPIC: CARICATURE IN AMERICAN CULTURE

Presiding: J. Jeffery Auer, Indiana University

Papers: "Caricature as Persuasion," Daniel R. Fitzpatrick, St. Louis;

"Caricature in the Novel," William Peden, Director, University of

Missouri Press; "Caricature in Public Address," Richard Murphy,

University of Illinois, Editor, The Quarterly Journal of Speech.

## REVIEWS

**MARK TWAIN AND HUCK FINN.** By Walter Blair. Berkeley and Los Angeles: The University of California Press. 1960. \$7.50.

**MARK TWAIN--HOWELLS LETTERS:** The Correspondence of Samuel L. Clemens and William Dean Howells, 1872-1910. Edited by Henry Nash Smith and William M. Gibson with the assistance of Frederick Anderson. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. 1960. \$20.

Mark Twain's anniversary has stimulated sufficient scholarly activity to suggest, combined with the statistics of publication in Professor Blair's Mark Twain and Huck Finn, that 1960 marks the crest of a wave of scholarly enthusiasm which has been growing since the biographies of Ferguson and Wagenknecht and De Voto's Mark Twain's America were published. Since then, and especially since the publication of De Voto's Mark Twain at Work in 1942, we have had a series of remarkable monographs, editions and articles which reaches a magnificent climax in Mr. Blair's "biography" of Huckleberry Finn and in the publication of the Twain-Howells correspondence by Professors Smith and Arms. One should not, however, necessarily assume that American scholarship was purblind until 1942, for the flood of publications may well have been caused by the adoption by the Estate of a more liberal policy than that which was followed during Paine's long executorship. De Voto broke the ice in more than one way.

Be that as it may, scholarship and criticism have been doing Twain proud, but, without denying the merits of the work of Mrs. Bellamy, Mr. Branch, Mr. Andrews, and the lamented Dixon Wecter, one may say that Mark Twain and Huck Finn is the best work of scholarly criticism on Twain yet to appear. One may go even a bit further and say that it is not likely to be surpassed in the near future.

One of the most striking characteristics of Mr. Blair's book is its breadth. It covers Twain's career only from 1876 to 1884, but Mr. Blair's thesis, that Huckleberry Finn is the focus of almost everything that Mark Twain had thought, read and done to 1884, and his careful examination of Twain's experience, reading and writing before Huckleberry Finn and between 1876 and 1884 make the book an indispensable guide to all of Twain's work.

De Voto, for example, had remarked the symbolic value of the village in Twain's work from The Gilded Age to The Mysterious Stranger. Mr. Blair has now shown how, in his earliest descriptions of valley villages, Twain was developing devices that he used for the village scenes of Huckleberry Finn. Mr. Blair shows how Twain's reading of Lecky and Darwin in the early '70's began to move him towards the position he adopted in What Is Man?

Perhaps the most interesting of Mr. Blair's discoveries result from his examination of Twain's career while Huckleberry Finn lay unfinished. Twain's travels, his reading of European history, his participation in Republican Bloody Shirt politics, his editing of the Library of Humor, his conviction that everyone with whom he dealt was cheating him, even his fits of rage, all are brought into relation to the progress of his work.

In addition to this rich plenty, the ghost of Brooksonian "Ordealism" is laid. Mark Twain was certainly self-consciously a "striver" for gentility, but, as De Voto came to realize, it was the eastern experience--Howells, Livy, and copious reading--that made Twain an artist. The Ordeal of Mark Twain is now hardly more than an unsubstantial, if glittering, memory.

If Mr. Blair's book stands at the top of recent expository works on Twain, the Mark Twain-Howells Letters caps the recent series of letters. This correspondence does not strike the reader so forcefully with its freshness as Mark Twain and Huck Finn, partly because Mr. Blair's book was published a little prior to it, partly because many of the letters had been known, at least in part, from Paine's two volumes of letters and from Mildred Howells' Life in Letters. Still, neither earlier publication was complete. Something less than half of the total number of letters had been published, and those were not always complete. The reviewer has not undertaken a systematic collation of Paine, but Mr. Anderson's calendar reveals the statistical extent of his omissions. A casual check reveals that although there are elisions in the body of a letter occasionally indicated, Paine apparently felt no compunctions about silently dropping a postscript. Letter 536 (Twain to Howells, Vienna, May 12-13, 1899) is a particularly awful example of what a dilettante editor could do. Paine omitted eleven paragraphs, which include a delightful account of how Livy Clemens recognized herself as a typical American woman of her class after reading Their Silver Wedding Journey. The beginning of the eleventh paragraph is tacked on to the twelfth to form a smooth opening and, towards the end, one of Twain's most uproarious anecdotes is omitted. Paine was, of course, hampered by the limits imposed by his task of selection from the entire Twain correspondence and by the fact that many of the recipients were still alive. Howells, for example, has confessed his own prudish reactions and in 1910 refused to repeat in print Twain's reaction to his review of The Innocents Abroad.



But, even granting the broadest exceptions, Paine's editorial standards were "literary" rather than scientific.

There can be only praise for the work of Mr. Smith and Mr. Arms. Editing is, in a way, a mechanical task, but it is not one that is either easy or merely laborious. The presentation of the text and the editorial apparatus here are models. We are fortunate that one of the leading Twain scholars and one of the leading Howells scholars were able to collaborate.

The letters are a mine of information about the relations between the two authors, and in the case of such men one wants the whole evidence. The subtlest nuances are informative. For example, these letters make clear the relations between Twain and his wife. Perhaps we would not care to have our wives read all our correspondence with our best friends, but Twain and Howells felt no objections. Indeed, their running jests about the shrewishness of their wives were the jests of men who loved to tease their wives. Livy Clemens as domestic dragon no longer exists, for Twain was more like Howells than one might expect. The evidence bearing on Howells' "censorship" of Twain has been known for some time. Again it is a Brooksonian bogeyman, as these letters reaffirm. It is clear that, as the editors point out, the evidence of Howells' contribution to Twain's artistic maturity is indirect. Would that we had transcripts of those long talks at night over the Scotches. But it is also clear that Twain benefitted enormously from the friendship of a man who understood and loved him and who knew from the inside the artistic and professional problems of literature.

Although Twain is the star of the show, Howells is no mere straightman. Any ten pages of one of his novels reveal his mastery of a polished prose, as firmly based on the vernacular as Twain's more brilliant and colloquial style, his wit, and his irony. His letters, now read in conditions of the most severe competition, heighten one's appreciation of his qualities. One also finds in these the same world-weariness and bitterness, though far less vehemently expressed, that one finds in Twain. Indeed, in 1899 Twain noticed in reading Their Silver Wedding Journey "furtive and fleeting glimpses of what I take to be the weariness and indolence of age . . . the secret sigh behind the public smile, the private what-in-hell-did-I-come-for!"

Remarks of this sort suggest the character of these letters. Their great value is not as documents for the scholar, but as literary works in themselves. They do what great letters ought to do: reveal character and personality. Neither man was a profound thinker and their letters are not "philosophical"; they are the regular give and take of old and intimate friends, and what they lack in profundity they make up in intimacy and in self-revelation.

In a letter to Twitchell (August 29, 1880) Twain reflected how trivial the topics of his correspondence would seem to readers in 1960. He was wrong, of course. In whatever wingless and harpless mansion of Heaven Mark Twain now resides, he must in fact be happy. As Mr. Blair points



out, he wanted to be accepted by the literary and scholarly gentry of his day. If he is not satisfied now, he never will be.

EFG

**LITERARY PUBLISHING IN AMERICA, 1790-1850.**

By William Charvat. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1959. \$4.50.

Mr. Charvat has succeeded in adding a useful volume to the almost non-existent literature on book publishing in America during the six decades of his title. He has not written a history of book publishing; instead he has drawn together a good many facts relating to one central problem, the shaping influence on the literature of the methods and conditions of book publishing during the period. The volume is thus of interest primarily to the student of our literature. The limited scope of the study makes for unity and achieves the singular virtue of being a report of the author's conclusions rather than of his scholarship. It is nonetheless respectably and convincingly documented and is based, in large measure, on primary source materials.

Mr. Charvat concludes that (1) during these six decades literary publishing was centered in Philadelphia and New York (Boston was of limited significance), causing the literary tastes of the South and West to influence, often adversely, most of our writers (except for the New Englanders); (2) the peculiar relations between author and publisher early made for much independence of the former (e.g. Irving and Cooper), but the changing relationship late in the period created unfortunate pressures on authors, forcing, for example, Hawthorne to produce novels when his talents lay in short story writing; and (3) the character of the physical volumes reveals the social esteem with which literary genres were regarded, by which test fiction and drama achieves the lowest status, and the essay, history, biography, and poetry the highest, a fact of paramount importance in the shaping of our literature.

Southern Illinois University  
Southwestern Illinois Campus  
Edwardsville, Illinois

Milton Bruce Byrd

**THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES:**

A New Appraisal. By Maxim E. Armbruster.  
New York: Horizon Press. 1960. \$4.95.

Preceded by full-page photographs of each of the Presidents from Washington to Eisenhower, this volume consists of brief sketches of the thirty-three men who have held the highest office in the land. Seven pages of bibliography provide some indication of the author's learning though the book

is likely to be viewed as a labor of love rather than of scholarship. It should, however, be both useful and instructive for young people.

Mr. Armbruster has collected a good deal of information and presents it in good literary form. He has some opinions of his own (e.g. "'We have nothing to fear but Fear itself' . . . 'The statement is a snare.'") but these are neither sufficiently novel nor comprehensive to warrant the subtitle "a new appraisal."

University of Kansas

Francis H. Heller

**THE HASKELL MEMOIRS.** By John Cheves Haskell.

Edited by Gilbert E. Govan and James W. Livingood.

New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1960. \$3.95.

John Cheves Haskell, of South Carolina, was nineteen years old when he volunteered for service in the Confederate Army in April, 1861. Four years later, Haskell, then a colonel, led the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia to its surrender at Appomattox Court House. Meanwhile, he had served on the staffs of General Joseph E. Johnston and Gustavus W. Smith, had lost his right arm at Mechanicsville, and, as commander of the artillery in Longstreet's corps, fought in the major battles from Gettysburg to Appomattox. His descriptions of the fighting at Gettysburg and of the Battle of the Crater at Petersburg are especially graphic, his critical comments on the quality of Confederate generalship especially illuminating. These memoirs, in which Haskell "tried to give part of what I saw and lived through," were written down almost four decades after that fateful day in April, 1865, and are here published for the first time. By making them available in this richly-documented edition, editors Govan and Livingood, both of the University of Chattanooga, have made a noteworthy contribution to the growing literature on the "Confederate War."

University of Illinois

Robert W. Johannsen

**QUAKERS AND THE ATLANTIC CULTURE.**

By Frederick B. Tolles. New York: Macmillan. 1960. \$3.95.

Those familiar with Tolles' work on the Quakers will find little new here. Each chapter of this book was separately and previously published in one form or another. The accumulation of material herein, however, allows Tolles to discuss under one cover the differing and varying Quaker attitudes towards culture, defined broadly and loosely to include everything from religion and art to politics, over a three hundred year span. The author also suggests some ways that Quaker thought might reflect upon the world's modern problems. Tolles' familiar theses appear throughout: the origins for the Quaker movement were English and puritan; the Quaker religious experi-

ence was corporate; primitive Quakerism was an enthusiastic and prophetic religion. Although the term Atlantic culture, used as a synthesizing thread, may not indicate as unified a concept as is implied, this book remains a generally excellent compilation of authoritative historical essays on the Society of Friends.

University of Wisconsin

Norton Mezvinsky

**THE MORMON CONFLICT, 1850-1859.**

By Norman F. Furniss. New Haven:

Yale University Press. 1960. \$5.00.

From the Yale Historical Publications studies comes this painstakingly thorough monograph, written by the Chairman of the Department of History and Government at Colorado State University. Here Professor Furniss presents for the first time a fascinating and objective account of the Mormons' struggle to live politically and religiously as they desired and of the Government's retaliatory efforts to enforce the federal laws.

After momentarily glancing at the Saints' early troubles, the author notes the shadows lengthen because of alleged Mormon reluctance to obey legislation which they deemed inequitable. Also seen as factors leading to the 1857 conflict were ignorance, misinformation and the Saints' practice of polygamy. Furniss concludes that the vital question of whether the ultimate authority in Utah was the Federal Government or the Mormon Church remained unanswered at the end of hostilities. "Anti-Mormons still felt that the Church was trying to exercise political and judicial power for insidious, perhaps treasonable, purposes; the Saints truculently awaited another wave of persecution." Unquestionably, this monograph fills, with scholarly perception, a neglected gap in the historical studies of the decade preceding the Civil War.

Wauke, Iowa

Martin L. Greer

**COMMUNIST CHINA AND ASIA: Challenge to**

**American Policy.** By A. Doak Barnett. New

York: Harper & Brothers, for the Council on

Foreign Relations. 1960. \$6.75.

This is a singularly comprehensive, thorough and provocative book. Beginning with an account of the domestic situation in Red China, the author analyses its relations with other countries in Asia and evaluates the alternatives facing the United States in its policy toward this new and unpredictable force in world affairs. Burnett is no apologist for Mao's China, but he does enumerate the remarkable accomplishments of the Communist government and the effective universality of its control. Policy toward neighboring nations has varied from friendship to aggression, with the future appearing

to promise more of the latter. At his most persuasive in evaluating the pros and cons of America's attitude, Burnett concludes that the interests of the United States and the world would best be served by the diplomatic recognition of Communist China and her admission to the United Nations. But one need not share the author's conclusions to profit immeasurably from this learned and carefully documented work. The problems posed are of great urgency, and the alternatives presented should be weighed by every thoughtful citizen.

University of Kansas

Raymond G. O'Connor

**THE HOWARD FAST READER: A Collection of Stories and Novels.** By Howard Fast. New York: Crown Publishers, Inc. 1960. \$4.95.

Howard Fast has written several fictional studies of men and moments in our past, and until recently his writings were enormously popular in the Soviet Union. These facts give his work some interest for students of American culture. They will find this collection of little value. On the three novels (one new) and nineteen stories here collected, Mr. Fast makes no comment, says nothing of how he now regards some of his earlier work or of its success and popularity in this country or in the Soviet. One wonders why he chose to include Freedom Road, one of his weakest historical novels, rather than Conceived in Liberty or The Last Frontier, both among his best and both out of print; and why he did not tell us which of his novels and stories have helped to shape the Russian image of America. These inclusions would have made an interesting, if not important, collection.

Southern Illinois University

Howard Webb

**HUMAN VALUES IN THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST.** By George W. Nitchie. Durham: Duke University Press. 1960. \$5.00.

It would be hard to quarrel very hard with Nitchie's book; his meticulous disclaimers, stated in the preface and at strategic places elsewhere, disarm in advance any quibbles about his failure to treat Frost's work aesthetically, or technically, or psychologically, or biographically, or patriotically, and so on. Speaking broadly, he is concerned with the problem that has concerned so many critics about so many American writers: why they weren't better, or why they quit so soon. (Obviously Frost has never quit, but, Nitchie believes, he has been in a significant course of deterioration ever since North of Boston.) The question is why, though Frost is a good and important poet, he is not a still better poet; Nitchie approaches it in terms of the ethical and philosophical convictions implicit or explicit in Frost's work. Analysis leads him to the conclusion that Frost views nature

as an impersonal "other"; that his tripartite universe is almost, though not quite, discontinuous; that he has an anti-intellectual bias; that he emphasizes "getting by" or making one's own patterns of meaning; that he tends to shy away from the major area of broadly social values; and that he refuses to commit himself to explicit statements of theory. Not surprisingly, therefore, Frost has failed either to make or to adopt an organization of ideas or attitudes or beliefs that would give him wholly satisfactory access to reality. (He suffers by comparison with Yeats, Eliot, *etc.*) On the whole, he emerges as a poet who, after the brilliant North of Boston, deteriorates to a thing of bright shreds and patches--that is, of isolated insights--with many dull areas between.

I am not convinced that, even in his own terms, Nitchie gets full value from such poems as "Directive," or even the ubiquitously reprinted "Two Tramps in Mud Time"; and I am mildly puzzled by his failure to discuss certain other poems. The possible underreading does not invalidate Nitchie's conclusions--merely suggests that certain of the Frostian bright patches are even brighter than he seems to feel that they are. The conclusions seem adequately supported. To charge that Nitchie makes too much of them--to refuse his whole critical position, that is--would require arguing something to the effect that because Frost is a good American culture hero, or a good Freudian unawares, or a good technician, or a good what you please, his ethical and philosophical indefiniteness, his lack of a coherent structure of ideas or beliefs, do not matter: an argument I should not care to undertake.

Kansas State University  
W. R. Moses

NEW IMAGES OF MAN: With Statements by the Artists. By Peter Selz. New York: Museum of Modern Art. 1960. \$5.00; Paper, \$2.50. Illustrations.

Anyone studying the psyche of contemporary America would do well to spend at least as much time with her painting and sculpture as with her literature. This is a sensible interpretation of the work of the twenty-three painters and sculptors chosen for the important and controversial exhibition held at the Museum of Modern Art in the fall of 1959. Twelve of the artists are American. The crowds that saw the show seemed calm enough, but some are still writing about it as a celebration of nihilism. Others saw the turning of advanced artists from abstraction to the human image as an affirmation of spirit.

KJLaB

ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION:  
1759-1766. By Bernhard Knollenberg. New  
York: The Macmillan Company. 1960. \$8.50.

If you have ever looked for a concise explanation of why the American colonists were provoked to revolution in the mid-seventeen hundreds, this book is your answer. Doctor Knollenberg delineates the English background of the period, with enlightening, but intricate, commentaries on the many Parliamentary shifts which occurred at the time. He sets forth in detail the circumstances surrounding the legislation of each of those fateful Acts which haunt the pages of colonial American history. As Parliament acts, the colonists react, each royal order followed by protest. Doctor Knollenberg discusses his subject with authority and perhaps a slight but forgivable bias in favor of the colonists. As an appendix, he includes a convincing discussion of the improbability of George III's madness at this early date.

The numerous and extensive notes and references in this volume are confined to the latter half. Therefore, the interested layman can read this work without inconvenience, while the scholar will find it a solid source of explicit reference.

Saint Louis University

Jane F. Rinker

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For reviewers: Please note the heading form used in our reviews. Except in the case of books of prime importance for American Studies, keep all reviews short--100 words is about right.

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